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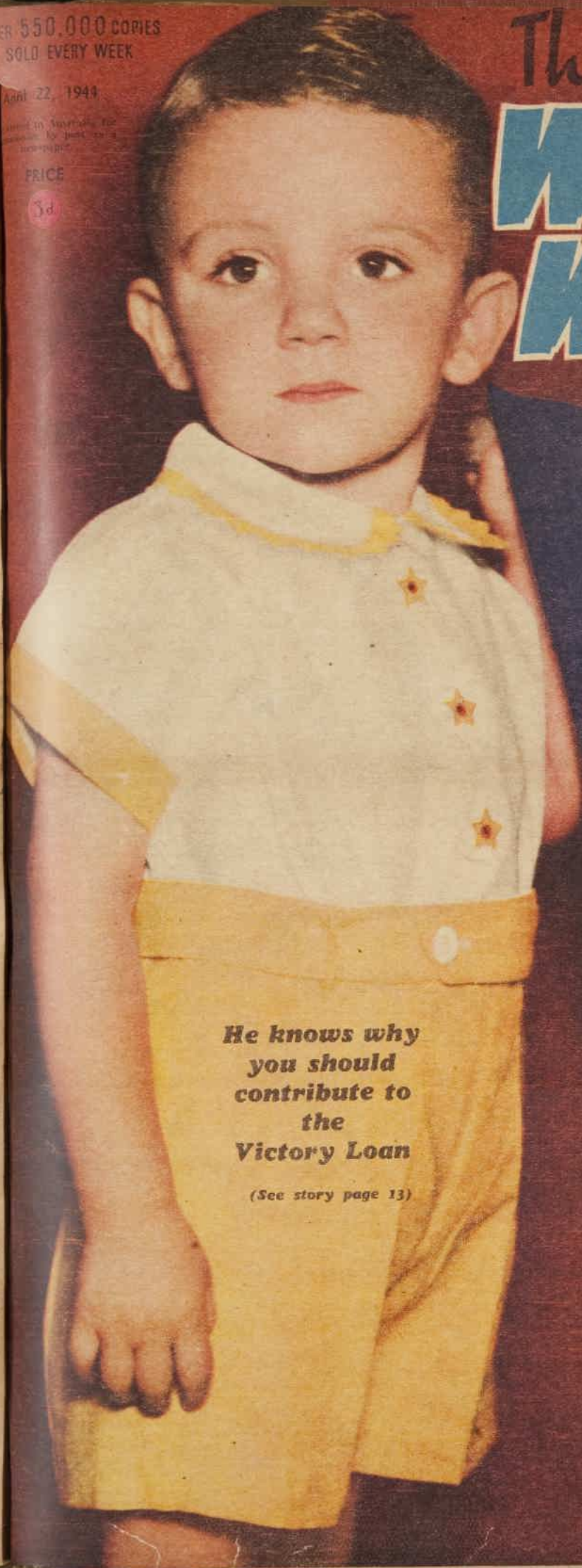
April 22, 1944

Printed in Australia for  
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# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**



**He knows why  
you should  
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(See story page 13)



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# WINGS TO BEAT

By Australian author  
**FRANK NUNN**

**A** PLANE passed overhead, above the boundary fence, interrupting Don and the sergeant in their discussion of Detective Bloom's absence.

"He had a number of reasons for going away, I think," the sergeant went on presently, "but he didn't say what they were. He left me to keep an eye on the Clancys, and to find out how they get down into that drain if I could. He and me had been all over the ruins of the old monastery, so I knew where you meant when you mentioned a cross, over the phone, although I'd written them off myself. How did you find out where the entrance was?"

Don told him.

"There was oil on the water, bubbling up between the cracks of a floor stone in the western wing. The oil came from the tarmac, washed down by the rain. There was so much water the drain couldn't take it, and I came to the conclusion that the banked up pressure was forcing the water into a side-track. The ruins are in a slight hollow, but to me they appear to be on slightly higher ground than the dam."

"They are, too," nodded the sergeant.

"It looked to me as if there must be some connection between the ruins and the pipe line. I cleared away all the stone and debris from the slab and found that the water was inclined to bubble up all round it. About an hour after the rain stopped the seepage started to lose its kick. I went over to the dam and found the pipe running easily. There were big rings of colored oil stains on the surface of the dam. I felt pretty certain then that there must be some connection between the ruins and the drain if I hadn't been before."

"I thought then there was probably a collar and a passage running toward the drain. There's very little fall between the station and the dam, and by the time the pipe reaches the dam it's well underground. Anyway, I went back to the slab, but I could see no way of lifting it. Then I returned to the station and got a tin of red paint."

"I thinned it out and poured it carefully down one of the cracks, following it up with some turps to wash the paint off the edges. I took a risk in showing my hand, but I wanted to make sure. My idea, you see, was to float out some red paint on the water that would drain back to the pipe and into the dam. That would prove definitely that there was a passage."

"Did it float?"

"It floated. It took a long while to come through, but it came."

"Nice work," approved the sergeant. But he was rubbing his lip. "There must be some tight-fitting trap in the drain which the force of the water upset. Bloom's crawled right down that drain and drawn a blank."

"Well, there it is," said Don. "I was leaving it for Bloom, although if I hadn't been caught up in the hospital I think I would have done some exploring on my own tonight."

"I'm doing no exploring," said the sergeant. "Bloom told me to

wait for him, but to grab anybody who tried to use it. He's going to turn it into a trap and bait it."

"Who's watching the ruins now?"

"A constable who came out with the message."

Don reflected for a while. He said, "Bloom ought to know that Van Groot has gone. When your man returns to the station you'd better get him to wire the information to your headquarters. That'll bring Bloom back with a rush, I guess."

"I'll certainly get the information through to him," said the sergeant.

"What are you doing about the monks this end?"

"The monks at the Spanish Mission, of course."

The sergeant looked at him hard. "I don't know anything about the Spanish Mission," he said.

"They're in it, too."

"You're pulling my leg," suggested the sergeant.

"What about the dark, foreign-looking fellow with an accent, who kicks round with Van Groot?"

"I don't know anything about a foreigner, mister."

Don sighed. In some respects it seemed that he and Bloom were still miles apart.

"You're watching the Clancys. I don't see how they come into it, but let it pass. Who's watching the rest of the station?"

"Clancy's chief, you mean? I wouldn't know." He hesitated for a moment, then said, "I think he's still got to be identified."

Don groaned.

"You're just Bloom's stodge," he said.

The sergeant grinned.

"I'm just an honest, simple, common policeman. The inspector does the thinking and I do the jobs."

"All right," Don said. "I've got a job for you. You've heard of Miss Shannon, I hope?"

"She's the nurse. Yes, I know about her."

"Bloom has told you she's in danger?"

"The inspector told me that one of the gang is scared she might rat on them."

Don frowned.

"Did he say rat? . . . Never mind. Bloom suggested I should stay in hospital and act as her bodyguard. I had a gun last night, but to-day it was lifted. I'm not happy about Miss Shannon. I think she ought to be taken to a safer place than the station hospital for the time being. Before Dutch bolted there was just the shadow of an excuse for not doing anything that might panic the gang. But now a crack has started that she disappeared. I want to get Miss Shannon off the station."

"I'll get instructions from headquarters about that. It doesn't seem reasonable to leave her up there. Who lifted your gun?"

"I wouldn't know. But I need another. Somebody was sneaking round the hospital last night. I'd like to get Miss Shannon out of it before he makes another visit."

"I'll see what I can do," the sergeant promised. He handed a revolver to Don as he spoke. "You'd

"I'll see what I can do," the Sergeant promised, handing a revolver to Don.

better take this in the meanwhile. The constable has one over at the ruins. I'll borrow his."

"What about a torch?"

"We've each got one. You can have mine."

"Why not leave the constable on guard?" Don suggested, "and you go back and speak to headquarters yourself? I'm certain they'll be interested in Van Groot's flight. You could make arrangements for Miss Shannon's removal then. You might have to see the C.O. He lives out; he's at the Palace. You'll probably find the doctor there, too, and between them they could think of some way for getting Miss Shannon removed."

"If your people aren't interested in her safety give me a ring. I'll have her shifted myself."

The sergeant's consideration was brief. He said, "I'll do that. It'll be a couple of hours before you hear from me."

"That suits me. Miss Shannon will be coming on duty about then."

He had forgotten there were to be no more telephone calls for him that night.

It was nine o'clock before Don got back to the hospital. He went in through the front door and down the passage to his ward. He encountered neither nurse nor orderly; the hospital was as quiet as a tomb.

Terry looked up admonishingly at him. "They've been yelling for you up and down the corridors for the last hour."

Don's heart sank a little. The last thing he wanted that night was a domestic fuss. "Who wanted me?"

"The nurse wanted her patient; the doctor wanted his patient. The way they went baying round for you was pathetic. It seems that a hospital is just a humble dump with only one patient. I suggested they should discharge me and wind up the business, but they were too concerned about their guest patient to give me any attention."

"Where is the doctor now?"

"I gathered that he left for town in a state of desperation, after having combed the tarmac. I have an idea the matron is laying out a straitjacket for you. She's convinced you're mental." He added a question, "What have you been up to anyway?"

"I've been up on the roof-garden admiring the view."

"The matron will be pleased to hear that," said Terry.

It didn't worry Don now. The sergeant would be seeing the doctor. Everybody would be out on the stage shortly for the final curtain.

The nurse looked in a little later. If she was surprised to see Don back in bed she gave no sign of it. She told Terry she was putting out the lights, and although he protested, she put them out.

Almost immediately Terry fell asleep. Don felt drowsy enough to

join him. There was still an hour or so to kill before his vigil really started—before he could expect to hear from the sergeant.

He yawned. He did not hear the telephone ringing, but he was looking at his watch some thirty minutes later. It was then ten thirty. He reached for his dressing-gown and got out of bed. Dawn would be on duty now. But what had happened to the sergeant?

The gun and torch clinked together as he put on his gown. A moment later he was shuffling and yawning down the passage.

He found Dawn in her room, sitting staring into space. She sprang up when he entered, forcing a smile. "Just off for another ramble?" she asked.

He was thinking, Dutchy must have gone without a word to her. She's taking it badly. But she's game.

"Who's been talking to you?"

"You've got everybody worried about this place," she said. She was keeping the smile going. But it wasn't in her eyes.

He said, "I'm a failure as a patient. Perhaps I'm not sick enough."

"They're beginning to wonder whether you are more than sick. What's made you restless now?"

"I was born that way. I was always climbing out of my cot and toddling over to my nurse. She was a grand person, that nurse. She'd sit up with me and tell me fairy stories until I fell asleep again."

"But I don't know any fairy stories."

"That's all right. I know plenty. Perhaps we could reverse the formula."

"I'm not allowed to sleep on duty."

"No. But I could perhaps talk myself to sleep. I've never done it before, but we could try it."

Her smile became less strained.

"All right."

She sat down, but he remained standing.

"First of all. Has anybody rung me to-night?"

"I've only been on duty a little while."

"I'm expecting a ring. Do you mind if I use the telephone?"

She shook her head. "That's forbidden."

He stared at her, then grinned. "I'd forgotten that. I'm afraid you'll have to forget it, too."

"I couldn't forget the matron's orders. There's the orderly, too."

"Then I'll have to go down to the post office and use the booth. Have you any pennies?"

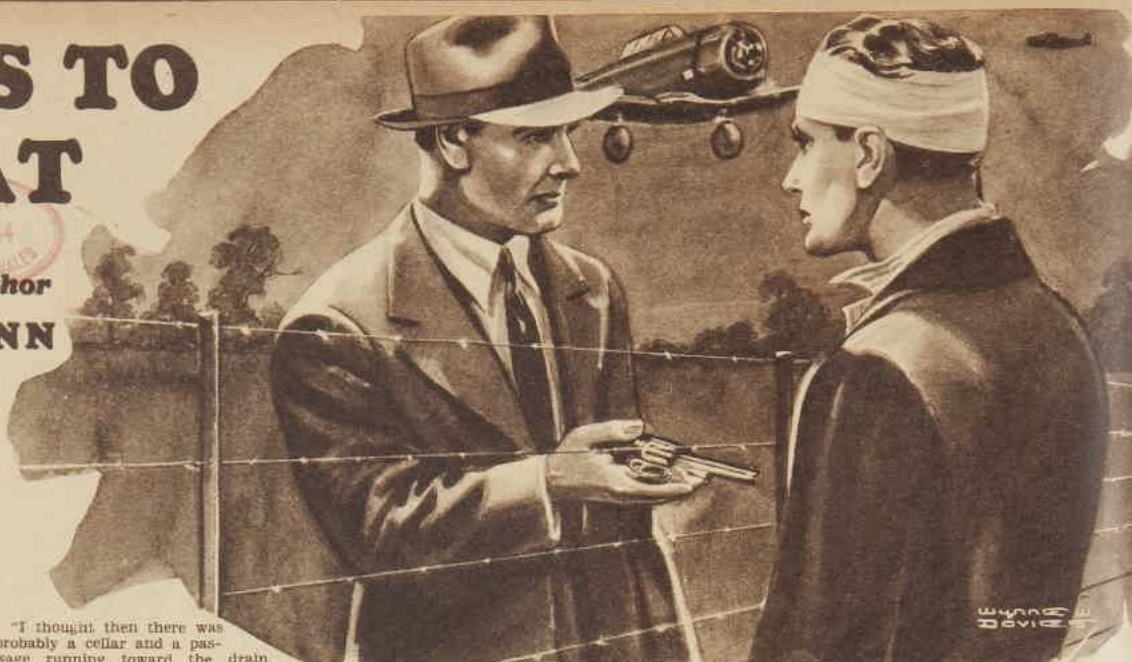
"They'll have to drop from heaven," she said.

He looked full of sorrow.

"You're not really going to be officious?"

"I ought to be." The smile had reached her eyes. "But I won't. The orderly is away on a message just now. You'd better use the phone before he gets back."

Please turn to page 4



"The things he told me opened my eyes . . ."

"I'd mostly associated equipment for war with guns and bullets and tanks and planes; but my fiance—he's in the Air Force—opened my eyes. 'I couldn't begin to list even the Air Force's needs, let alone the Army's and the Navy's. For it's not only arms they require, and munitions, it's food and clothing and medical requirements—it's parachutes and rafts and cotton waste. It's transport on sea and land and in the air. And there are lists and lists of requirements under each of these headings. And every one needs money to buy it. And a supply of one thing is little use without the others.'

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# BUGGY RIDE



"Everything is forgiven," Meg said hollowly, from her perch on the wrecked buggy.

**R**ICK waited at the station for Meg to pick him up. The enforced wait didn't improve his mood. He waited 10 minutes, 15, and finally half an hour—ample time for the healthy feeling of grievance which had been in the making all day to reach full bloom. Numerous things had contributed. The lab equipment essential to his new work hadn't arrived. He had had an argument with the chief about the explosive he was working out and the chief had proved himself in the right. Then he had missed his usual train home. And now Meg wasn't at the station to meet him.

At the end of half an hour of world-hating it occurred to him to telephone his home and inquire if anything had happened to Meg. Six-year-old Albert answered at the other end. Albert was Meg's nephew, who was visiting them, and a bone in Rick's throat.

"Aunt Meg's gone out," squealed Albert importantly.

"Where? Did she say?"

"I forgot."

"You're a big help," Rick said. "Listen, Albert, see if you can remember to tell her if she comes in soon that I'll take a taxi home."

"Okay," said Albert. "You'll take a taxi home, I'll tell her."

Rick went to find a taxi, but there was not one about and he decided, with a vicious pleasure in torturing himself, that he would walk the two and a half miles home. He trudged along the deserted road and an unannounced shower came up and soaked him to the skin. Just as he arrived within sight of his house the shower stopped.

Albert was playing a solitary game of hopscotch on the kitchen linoleum, and called in greeting. "Happy birthday, Uncle Rick!"

It was another blow to Rick to be so abruptly reminded that on this day he had turned 30. It is a shock at the best of times to come face to face with another decade.

It was growing really late and still no sign of Meg. He gnawed worriedly at a cold leg of chicken and tried to think of the places she might be. Albert, who was looking out of the living-room window, broke the tension.

"Here's Aunt Meg with your birthday present."

Rick's heart warmed instantly. He forgave her immediately for the worry she had caused him. There was something sweet about the thought of her being delayed because she was buying his gift.

He waited, ready to welcome her, and nothing happened.

"You'll have to go outside," yelled Albert from the living-room. "It won't fit in the house."

Rick hurried outside, fearful again. Meg, her face rosy, was sitting in a neatly painted four-seated buggy behind the sorriest-looking horse Rick had ever seen.

"Happy birthday, darling," said Meg, stepping down sedately from the high seat. "Here it is. Your birthday present."

Rick said unbelievably: "But all I wanted was a new pair of suspenders."

"Oh, darling, that's not enough for a husband of your calibre. Besides, I bought this outfit at a bargain price. Besides, it won't hurt the budget because we'll save petrol—which we can't get much of anyhow—and then, too, I bought this rig-out out of my own money. Say you like it."

Wondering why a man's money is his wife's also, while a wife's money belongs exclusively to her, Rick said, "It certainly was a splendid idea."

Albert, ever the realist, put his two cents in. "He's got an awfully big stomach, hasn't he?"

Meg and Rick turned back to the horse. "I think he was standing at attention when I bought him. He seems to have relaxed since," Meg said.

"Sweetheart," said Rick carefully, "I hate to mention this now, but do we have a place to keep a horse? Of course, he can curl up at the foot of our bed."

"He can come in my room," said Albert graciously.

"Don't be idiots," Meg said. "We'll build him a stall in the garage. It's a big garage, I've figured it all out."

That's Meg for you, Rick thought. She always has things figured out.

"I figured out," Meg went on, "that he'll come in very handy. The man I bought him from told me he

was trained to come home alone. The horse, I mean. Eventually you can drive him to the station in the mornings and he'll come home by himself. It will save me time and I can get my work done earlier and put in more time at the Red Cross. Now what do you want to name him, Rick?"

Albert said, "Let's call him Towser."

"All right," said Rick, escorting Towser to the garage to see if he and the buggy would fit in.

When he arrived back in the house Meg had amazingly produced a birthday dinner from the secret places into which a man would not think of looking. Rick ate heartily and relaxed, feeling comforted, and then they all retired to the living-room—Rick almost a new man. Meg leaned up against him on the

## By FRANCES SHIELDS

sofa and Albert sat on the bottom step of the staircase, gluttoned by cake into a momentary silence.

"I wanted to get you something practical for the birthday," Meg said. "Like you always get me."

"What's practical?" demanded Albert.

"You go upstairs," said Rick, "and go to bed."

"Don't speak to him that way," said Meg automatically.

"If I weren't so comfortable," Rick muttered, "I'd have it out with that kid once and for all."

"I'm glad you're comfortable, darling," said Meg sitting up, "because I have something to tell you." And in a rush, before he could stir, she said: "Your sister, Alethea, is coming here with Mark Thomas for the week-end."

Comfort departed from Rick abruptly. His sister, Alethea, for whom he entertained an affection in inverse proportion to her nearness to him, was a wonderful, talented, and ambitious girl. Rick had been planning a quiet week-end and with Alethea about a quiet anything

was an impossibility.

"Here's her letter," said Meg, going to the desk. "Don't get up. I'll read it to you. 'Dear Rick and

dearer Meg—if we bring our own food, may Mark

Thomas and I come up for the week-end? He's leaving on

Monday for that engineering job, and he wants to marry me immediately. I've just been offered that

radio contract, singing the commercial for Toasted Whispies. I've

waited years for a break like this. I can't give it up. I can't give

Mark up either—but he has that now-or-never look. I'm all

confused. It would be better if I weren't alone with him in the city

this week-end. And don't force him to the sticking point by being so

lovey-dovey, you two."

Meg held the letter absently before her. Rick recognised with a shudder the figuring-things-out look.

"Your sister is a wonderful girl. Rick, but she's being very foolish

about Mark Thomas. There aren't many like him drifting about loose

these days. If I didn't have you, I'd make a play for him myself."

"Is that so? Well, you keep out of their lives and stay in your own

where you belong."

"I was thinking," said Albert.

"Don't horses eat?"

"This is a fine time for a course in natural history. Certainly,

they eat."

"Well," Albert pointed out, "we had our dinner and Towser didn't."

Rick wasted his last two gallons of petrol searching for feed, and then, thoroughly disgruntled, went to bed, his sleep disturbed by thoughts of

Alethea and by the novel clomping of Towser's hoof against the

garage wall.

Meg woke Rick early the following three mornings to allow time for Towser's amble into town. Towser may have been bought at a bargain price, but he was no bargain. No one could step on Towser's accelerator. But Meg, in the chill mornings, was cheerful. "Now we can look at nature, which we seldom do from a car."

Rick dozed as they travelled the empty roads and awoke at the station, where he kissed Meg good-bye and then stood off and watched her while she tried to train Towser to go home alone with reins dangling. But Towser, being no fool despite his appearance, merely dropped his head on his chest and slumbered. Meg smiled at Rick. "It's too soon. He'll

learn in time. The man said he could go home alone with a little training."

Rick comforted her. "Well, there's one thing about Towser that pleases me. He's safe. I won't have to worry about his running away with you."

On Thursday morning a car suddenly passed them on the road and backfired, and Towser, after a startled leap, galloped wildly across an open field, pulling Rick's arms from their sockets before coming to a stop.

"Well!" said Meg, a bit pallid. "He does have some spirit left in him. That's something."

"Look!" said Rick rigidly. "I want you to return this horse to that man. I don't want you with your lovely neck broken."

"Darling, be logical. Consider the law of averages. How often will a car backfire at the precise moment it passes Towser? Don't be such a

nozzle. And darling, to-day's Thursday. Can't you finish your work so you won't have anything to do this week-end?"

"I'll try," he promised.

On Saturday afternoon, however, he arrived at the station loaded down with a bulging brief-case of work that had to be done before Monday.

Meg drove up in the buggy, only 20 minutes late. She was accompanied by Mark Thomas. Rick watched them as they ambled toward him. It struck him that Meg was looking superlatively well. She was talking animatedly to Mark Thomas.

"Hello!" yelled Meg from a distance. "Did we keep you waiting? We've been admiring the scenery along the road. Did you know the daisies are out already? Look!"

Rick saw, as she came nearer, a sentimental little bouquet of daisies riding on Meg's curls.

"Didn't Alethea come?" he said hopefully, observing but the two of them.

"She's at the house, rehearsing. Darling, is that brief-case full of work, or is it just laundry?"

Rick climbed in the buggy in the back seat. "I'll clear it up to-night or this afternoon," he said, and leaned forward and kissed the back of Meg's neck.

"No lovey-dovey," said Meg cryptically.

Rick drew back rebuffed and maintained a puzzled silence all the way home. He had forgotten Alethea's letter.

Alethea was occupying the living-room, accompanying herself on the piano. She greeted Rick enthusiastically.

"Hello, old curmudgeon," she said.



# H Wings to Beat

He thanked her. It was fantastic to have to plead for permission to do something that was for her good. It was a crazy world.

He rang up the police station. The constable on duty told him that the sergeant had rung him earlier, but had been headed off by an irate matron who wouldn't listen to reason. The sergeant was out.

Don swore. "When do you expect him back?"

"He said he wouldn't be long. He's gone over to the Palace."

"Give him a ring and ask him to put through a call here. I'll stick round."

When he returned to Dawn she had lost her smile again. She said, "You'll have to go back to the ward now."

"I will in a moment. But I must tell you a fairy story first. It's about a bad prince and a sweet princess."

She sighed. Her eyes pleaded. "I'm really not in the mood for fairy stories."

He nodded gently. He was serious now.

"I know," he said. "It's because of Dutchy."

She looked away. He had spoken of Dutchy on impulse. Now he regretted it. He turned to go, then halted. She was speaking in a low voice, rapidly, her sentences disjointed.

"He's really gone. I feel that way. If he had just gone into town I would have known by now. He has a friend in town from Java. I rang his hotel, but he had gone, too. He checked out this morning. I rang Father Peter, too. He told me not to worry. I guessed by his tone that he was surprised and

distressed, and that it was news to him.

"Dutchy hadn't told him either. Dutchy just left without telling anybody. If only he had come to us."

She stood up suddenly. "Dutchy is in trouble," she said.

He could only look at her dumbly.

"It's been preying on his mind. He hasn't been himself for weeks. He's sick—otherwise he would have stayed and faced it out. He got caught up in a beastly business that was none of his own making. He's been wretchedly unhappy. He should have gone to the C.O. He's done nothing wrong himself."

She turned away. "I don't know why I'm telling you this. It's not your headache, is it?"

He did not answer. His eyes went to the window. There was somebody moving on the gravel outside.

Dawn was speaking again. He realised that she could only be leading up to a confession. There were persons still at liberty who regarded confessions as undesirable. His pulses quickened. Perhaps such a person lurked outside.

He put a hand on her arm. "I wouldn't worry," he said. "Everything will come out all right."

He tensed. There were footsteps in the passage. He dropped his hand, slid it into his pocket. He was still half facing the door and he had it covered.

Flight-Lieutenant Eilers came to the door. In his hand was a gun. He looked from Don to Dawn, and back again, unsmiling.

"When did you lose your revolver?" he said.

Continued from page 2

Don looked more closely at the gun in Eilers' hand.

"That's mine," he said. "Where did you find it?"

"I didn't find it," said Eilers. "It was found a while ago near the north end of the tarmac. The orderly officer brought it to me. I'm the S.D.O. for the day."

Eilers was looking at him hard. Don had a feeling that he was being studied, weighed up. He asked, "How did the orderly officer find it?"

"He didn't find it, either. The orderly sergeant actually found it. About 2030 hours a guard at the north end of the tarmac thought he heard a scuffle and a cry. He reported the affair to a corporal and the corporal had a look round but found nothing out of place. When the orderly officer made his round he and the sergeant had a look round for themselves, and the sergeant found your gun."

"There were spots of blood on the ground beside it. It is your revolver. I checked up the serial number with my records."

Don looked surprised. "It is my gun. But it isn't my blood."

"You were out between eight and nine, I understand."

"What are you trying to hang on to me?"

"I will have to make a report. I am only asking formal questions. Perhaps you'd like to write out a statement about what you were doing out to-night."

"I would. But not now. See me in the morning."

"Very well, sir."

"You can leave the gun here."

"I'll have to keep that, sir—in the circumstances. I'll have to hand it over with my report."

"Is it fully loaded?" And when Eilers nodded, Don said, "All right. Keep it."

Eilers left them, and for a while there was silence. Don was standing frowning at the floor. When Dawn spoke he almost jumped.

"What were you doing when you were out to-night?"

He didn't like the tone of her voice.

"Nothing very startling. But somebody has apparently made the night interesting."

"You had your gun this morning. You haven't been out all day. How did it get over there?"

She was suspicious of him, but he was no longer suspicious of her. She had had no hand in its removal.

"I don't know. Do you believe in ghosts? It vanished from my pocket while I slept."

She was looking at him hard. She was very pale. Don had the impression that she was not so much suspicious as afraid.

"You don't seem to realise," she said, "that the gun—your movements will need explanation. Those spots—"

Somebody must have been hurt. The guard heard a cry and a scuffle. Were you there?"

He said gravely, "No. I wasn't there. I don't know anything about it. My gun was really lifted. Actually I'm as worried as you are over the blood, but not on my own account. Who should I want to injure, anyway?"

**NERVY WOMEN**



**WHAT TO DO...**

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## Prisoner of War...



He longs to see the spring this year,  
And how the wattles foam  
In yellow waves round the austere  
And quiet hills of home.  
Bush birds in dawning's breaking dim,  
At evening's twilight door;  
In rain, in rain they call to him,  
Poor prisoner of war.

And what can springtime mean to her  
Behind the factory wall?  
The loud machines' alternate whirr,  
The hammer's rise and fall,  
Day after day she holds the fort,  
Gives service swift and sure  
At bench and wheel, another sort  
Of prisoner of war.

Oh, spring winds, borne from bush and sea,  
Wait her a promise plain  
Of that dear time that is-to-be  
When they shall meet again.  
And pray kind Fate it may befall  
That peace will soon restore  
Freedom and home to each and all  
Poor prisoners of war.

—K. DALZIEL.

"I don't know. Somebody might have wanted to injure you—again."

So that was it. She was not worried on his score so much as she was over the probability of one of the gang being hurt. He sighed inwardly, but he had to relieve her fears as far as he could.

He said, "I'm telling you the truth. When I went out I had no gun."

"Did you report the theft?"

She was making things difficult, but he kept his patience. To her the incident had grim possibilities. Her question suggested that she was doubting his word. It was ironic that she should now doubt him. But for Eilers' interruption she might have been confessing everything to him.

He said, "I didn't want any fuss. I was saving it up until—until later."

She gave a gesture that could have meant anything—disbelief, disgust, even despair and dismay. There was silence.

He had been dividing his attention unobtrusively—listening to her, but also listening for other sounds.

He said after a while, "The orderly is a long while returning. Where did he go?"

"He had to go to deliver a return." She looked at her watch absently.

"He ought to be back."

Don was thinking, the sergeant ought to be ringing, too.

Please turn to page 8

## LEARN DRESSMAKING AT HOME



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L29



# LETTER FROM MARY

Has she said yes or no? he asked himself, peppering tracers at the Japs

**T**HAT day, Mac McCay felt low enough to walk under a submarine. His gunnery had gone off the target, his radio was off the cob, and Mac himself was off the beam. The major wanted to know what was his trouble. He wouldn't tell the major the real trouble. It would be silly, wouldn't it, to tell him that you hadn't had that answer from Mary and you couldn't get your mind on anything else?

That would sound like a load of corn mush. Strictly not Air Force. Having waited hopefully until the last second for mail sorting, Mac now legged it for Dumbo.

Dumbo was a medium bomber of better than nine tons with the load she had on now. Nice baby, Dumbo. Good crew. He'd hate to leave her. But if he didn't hear from Mary soon he'd be canned. He'd be grounded to radio repair. He'd go nuts.

The crew was already on board. Even Captain Sturm, the red-haired supper with a voice like a bull, was in the bomber. Co-pilot Chick Reynolds, he was there too.

Usually the pilot and the co-pilot came last, but Mac McCay was coming last this time, and late and running.

"Get going!" Captain Sturm bellowed through his port window. "Who do you think you are, Macconi?"

Behind Mac, a ground-crew corporal friend yelled from the mail-sorting station. "Sergeant! Sergeant McCay! A letter for you, Mac!"

Mac slid to a stop. This was, of course, the letter from Mary. It had to be. The corporal was running toward him with the letter. He was a long way off. The letter wasn't clearly visible. Of course, it might be any letter—an ad or a bill. In that case, he'd better get going again for Dumbo. He turned for the bomber.

The corporal shouted. "It's a thick one! Smells of violets, seems to come from a dame!"

Mac slowed.

Captain Sturm bawled, "Make up your mind, Miss McCay!"

Mac came to a halt. Violets would be Mary. The letter that would tell him "Yes!"

There had been Nikki before Mary, and plenty of others before Nikki. But Mary was the one, the only one for him. Mac ran, grabbed the letter out of the corporal's hand, said something that passed for "Thanks!" and, turning, dropped the letter. Snatching it up desperately, he ran for Dumbo.

The air inside the bomber was a thin blue.

Lieut. Chick Reynolds, the co-pilot, was saying in rich falsetto. "So sorry to rush you, sergeant, but we really must be getting on."

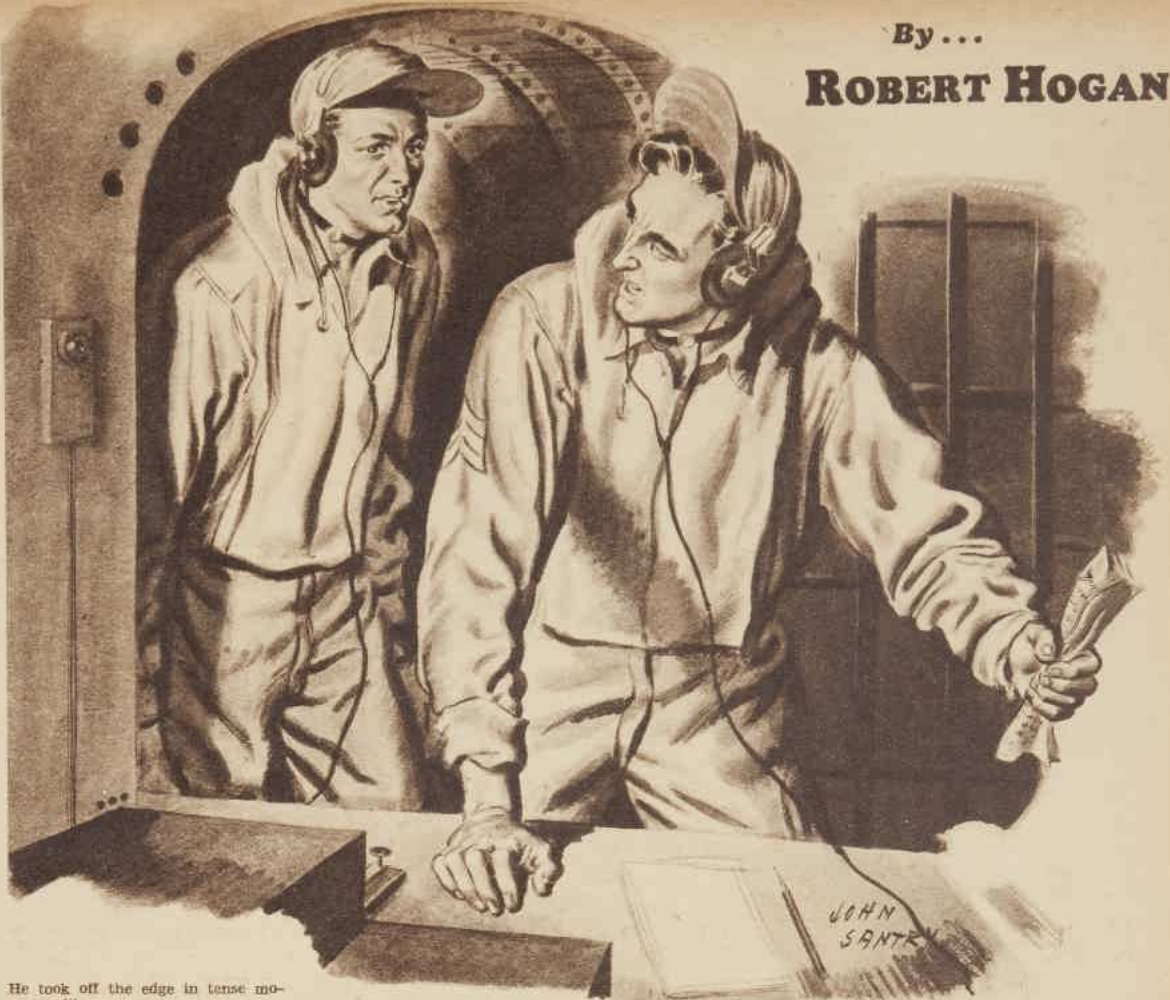
Captain Red Sturm was bellowing from the office, saying between the blue notes. "What do you think we're on, a picnic? I ought to ground you for life!"

Up in the meathouse, Bombardier-Lieutenant Pete Petrey was setting up his blue ox. Lieutenant Jim Winters looked as if he'd been waiting in his plotting-room for an hour.

Mac laid the unopened letter on the desk of his radio shanty and tucked his long legs underneath. He laid out his code book and log book on the desk. He adjusted his headphones over his ample ears and plugged in the interphone jack. He fastened his throat mike and turned on the operating switch. Setting back, he took breath and picked up the letter. It said, in Mary's handwriting, "Sergeant McCay, J. M."

"Captain to crew: Check in!" Red Sturm sounded as if he were chewing spikes up in the office.

The co-pilot falsettoed, "Co-pilot Lieutenant Reynolds, Roger, sir."



By ...

ROBERT HOGAN

He took off the edge in tense moments like now.

"Cut the comedy, Chick. I can see you," Sturm growled.

"Pete Petrey, bombardier, Roger."

"Jim Winters, navigator, Roger."

It was Mac McCay's turn next.

He said, opening the letter, "Sergeant McCay, J. M. Sixty-fourth Squadron."

"What the devil?" Sturm exploded.

"I didn't ask for your life history."

Tail-gunner, let's hear from you."

"Tail-Gunner Joe Tarchec, Roger, sir."

Corporal Joe Tarchec was standing amidstships by the radio desk, watching Mac. He looked on hungrily.

"That the letter from the dame—the one you been waiting for?"

Mac took out the letter. "Yeah."

He nodded as he unfolded it.

"Captain to crew: Stations! Shoving off!"

The engines roared. Joe Tarchec turned from the radio desk and went back to the tail position for the take-off.

Mac sat staring at the letter as the bomber got into motion. The words of Mary's handwriting jumbled together.

He was always on edge during take-off. The letter could wait a n t t i l they were in flight. Good anticipating.

The plane settled to a steady climb and he took another shot at the opening. "Dear James: When I first got your letter asking me to marry you on your next leave—"

Joe Tarchec was back beside him. Joe looked hungry and asked, "What's she say? Will she?"

"Go away and let me read!" Mac said. "Scrameroo! Certainly she will. Beat it!" But why the "Dear James"? Why not, "Dearest James," or "Darling"?

Joe sat down in his other seat, which he occupied while he rode as aerial engineer. It was near enough to Mac so Joe could look over Mac's shoulder.

Mac began again: "Dear James: When I first got your letter asking me to marry you on your next leave—"

A voice, only slightly restrained, came in the phones, "If you're not too busy, I'm calling you, radio."

Mac grew rigid and swallowed.

"Radio to pilot: Go ahead, sir!" He had it all now. Mac was back on the beam. The letter was in his

hand. He glanced at it as he heard the captain's words:

"Check with base for any further orders."

"How— Oh, yes, sir. I mean, Roger, sir."

The first two fingers of his right hand moved automatically to the key. The letter was open in his left hand. Very tempting, that letter. He must put it out of his mind, though. Duty! He tapped out the code call for base of operations back on the island, DBH.

Joe Tarchec's voice sounded over his shoulder. "Hey! That girl must be nuts!"

"What's the idea of reading my letter?" Mac demanded.

"I don't get any mail," Joe said wistfully. "But look what she says. She's crazy."

A hurricane couldn't hold Mac now. His eyes dropped to Mary's writing and he began from the beginning while Joe excitedly pointed ahead and said, "Down here! Look! She says—"

"Dear James," Mac read on. "When I first got your letter asking

"You heard what Red said! Gun stations!" said Mac, crumpling the letter angrily.

"Hey, wait. I almost finished that first page." Joe Tarchec was still reading over his shoulder. Mac didn't care. He wondered vaguely how much worse it got as it went along.

"Why, you lowdown two-timer," Joe said. "Boy, is she wise to you! Look down at the bottom! Look!"

"Lay off, will you?" Mac pleaded. He didn't look down at the bottom. He read from where he had last left off.

"I shall never forget how mortified I was when we first met. I was with Wilbur Prime. Wilbur and I had been going together for six years, since we were in school. Wilbur is a nice boy and he did try to get into the Service. It isn't his fault if his eyes are poor. After you threatened him that first night we met, and made him go home, he hasn't called me again."

Pete Petrey said into the interphone. "Bombardier to pilot: Ships ahoy, lads! Ahead and to port on the horizon!"

Mac looked out of the window, almost too mad to see, but he noticed

a little smoke way off on the horizon, and he could see more bombers like Dumbo in the formation. They had seen the Nips and were correcting their course. Now he couldn't see the Jap ships because they were heading dead on.

"Pilot to crew: Take gun stations!" "Nuts!" Joe Tarchec said. "Turn over quick, so I can catch the next page!"

Mac crumpled the letter pages in his fist and got up. "You heard what Red said! Gun stations!"

Joe went reluctantly. Mac stole another glance at the next paragraph as he moved to his waist gun.

"And I'd like to know who you think you are, to keep me waiting that night when I said I would meet you at the bus station. I waited over an hour, and when you finally got there, all you did was laugh it off without giving me any explanation. So you think I would marry a man who is that inconsiderate?"

"Women!" Mac jerked his phone Jack, plugged it beside his waist gun, and glared. "How could I tell her, when my reason for being late was a military secret?"

He cocked his machine-guns almost savagely enough to yank them apart. Boiling at the waist slot, Mac listened while the bombers picked their ferry-boats almost like cenny, meeny, miney, mo, and Petrey sang out, "Zeros coming from a carrier over the horizon! Let's get the carrier, Red!"

"Not yet, Pete. First we take that tugboat ahead. Then, maybe, if the bombs—"

Joe's voice was a tense monotone as he said, "Zeros coming down high on the tail-feathers." He warned his twin 50's.

Silence on the interphone, then. "Bombardier, take over!"

"A pleasure, sir. Steady as you go. Hold altitude, speed." The bomb-bay doors were open.

A lull, and Mac McCay opened his fist and straightened the crumpled letter. Might have time to read a few more words. This was the bottom paragraph, the one that Joe had talked about.

"You took me to dances, certainly. I admit that. And what did you do at the President's birthday ball down at the armory. You danced almost half the night with that Marjorie Spencer. So she's prettier than I am! Go ahead and marry her."

Mac gritted his teeth. "She wouldn't understand even the golden rule. Me, dancing with the girl because my commanding-officer asked me to be nice to her."

There was a wild blast of Joe Tarchec's guns. Something slashed through the roof close to Mac. A tracer whispered past his ear.

He let go as one, two, three, four Jap Zeros went flashing past his window, all diving.

Chips flew from one Zero's wing. His tracers scurried into another fuselage before it dived out of sight.

"And, Mary, my little crabbie, you and that marine you danced half the ball with didn't seem to be at a funeral."

Another wave of Zeros came flashing past, and Mac let go with everything. Red Sturm was talking calmly over the interphone now. Red talked calmly in battle.

Mac counted the bombers on his side. All three were still there, aiming for their marks, but spread out more.

Please turn to page 19





REPAIR SHOP on an Allied Works Council project in Queensland.

## AN ARTIST with THE A.W.C.

Paintings by  
C. DUDLEY WOOD

MR. C. DUDLEY WOOD, who painted these two pictures on Allied Works Council projects in Queensland, is a Melbourne artist.

Soon after Japan entered the war, Mr. Wood was engaged on special work that took him on to R.A.A.F. stations in Northern Australia.

In Queensland he saw much of the activities of the Allied Works Council, and decided to record glimpses of its work in aerodrome construction.

While away, he painted many fine studies of R.A.A.F. and A.I.F. subjects.

In some of the forward areas he found great difficulty in using water-colors during the wet season. Some colors just wouldn't dry. The paper was often affected with mould, and had to be thrown out.



CRUSHER IN OPERATION on an A.W.C. job in Queensland.



# The Ghost's Return

Chance played her an unaccountable trick when it brought to her own threshold a man so like her son

WHEN the two soldiers approached the village there was a flash of a gun, and while the sound of the shot rolled over the plain, Kurt dropped into the blue shadows of the snow, struggled a little, and lay still. Gerbert ran forward, his hands raised, yelling "Kamerad!" at the top of his voice.

Then a second shot rang out. Gerbert staggered a little, and his hands dropped, but he kept on running and he still shouted "Kamerad," but it sounded now like the whining of a dog that is frightened. As he came nearer to the first hut of the village he saw a boy standing in the road. The boy was about thirteen years old, and he wore the coat and the woolen cap of a poor peasant boy. He grinned when he saw the soldier.

"Don't shoot," Gerbert said, and raised his hands again. The Russian words were heavy on his tongue. "Please don't shoot. I want to surrender. I have no weapons. Don't shoot, please."

The boy grinned again.

"Simple," Gerbert said aloud, and thrust his hand in his coat pocket. At this moment the door of the hut opened and a woman came out. She had the strong shoulders and hips of a White Russian peasant woman. She held an army rifle in her hands, the bore pointed toward the soldier's stomach.

"Drop that gun," the woman said. "Throw it over there, behind the fence. Stay where you are. If you move I'll kill you."

Gerbert pulled his hand from his pocket. He was grasping an automatic. He tossed it into the snow. "I am hurt," he said. "Herr des Himmls: you can't shoot me down like that. I am hurt."

The boy burst out laughing. His chubby body was shaken with little bursts of laughter. He jumped from one foot to the other excitedly. "It's Sergey," he said breathlessly. "It's Sergey's ghost, coming back."

The woman lowered her rifle. There was great astonishment in her face. "Take off your helmet," she said. The soldier hesitantly obeyed. Without his helmet he did not look dangerous any more. He was just a plain farm boy from eastern Prussia, with high cheekbones and yellow hair, and cheerful blue eyes that looked dumb and frightened. The woman's eyes went over his face slowly and searchingly. They lingered for a moment on forehead and mouth, and the little curls of hair at his temples.

AFTER a long silence she said, "Come into my house; sit at my table, and break my bread."

The soldier made a step forward. "You won't kill me, will you?" he asked.

"Lisa Fedorovna doesn't kill her guests," the woman said, and opened the door.

There was warmth in the room, and the sour smell of cabbage. The woman went over to the stove and threw an armful of dry wood on the fire.

The boy, now silent and sullen, went in behind them, and climbed up on the flat top of the stove, built of fire-brick, which filled almost half of the little room. In the corner beside the window was a candle burning quietly in a cup of red glass. It stood underneath a golden icon of the Black Virgin of Kazan, and round it were the pictures of saints and two photos of Stalin and Dzerzhinsky, cut out from a newspaper. There was also another picture in a cheap golden frame, a young tall man in the long belted coat of a Red soldier. Gerbert stared at the picture for a few moments, and then he slowly shook his head.

"It's impossible," he muttered. "It's some trick. Or it's sorcery."

"May the Lord keep us from sin,"

the woman said, and crossed herself. "It's Sergey Ivanitch, my first son. He was killed down south. When I looked at you I believed for a moment that he had come back from the dead."

"It's strange," the soldier said. He was still staring at the picture.

"I'd have killed you if it wasn't for that," the woman said. "We kill all the German soldiers who are alone, or when there are two or three of them. They are devils and unbelievers. They hang our men, and take away our girls. The saints are well pleased with the ones who kill a German soldier."

The soldier grunted something, and tried to take off his coat. His face twitched under the strain, and there were little beads of sweat on his forehead. The woman helped him to get off the coat, washed the wound on his right shoulder, and bandaged it with strips from the sheet she took from a chest that was painted with flowers and birds. Then she knelt down and took off his boots. The boots were thick like a sponge with water and mud, and it was hard work getting them off. She brought a basin filled with hot water from the stove. The soldier put his feet into it.

"You are alone?" the woman asked.

"Yes," the soldier said. "There were three of us when we started out, but one stepped from the road and broke through the ice into the swamp. We haven't seen him again."

"The swamp keeps what it has got," the woman said. She brought a wooden plate with bread and a few slices of onion. The soldier ate quickly and greedily while the woman looked at him in a peculiar way; it was as if she looked through his face and behind it at the shadowy outline of another face that was grey and indistinct like a silhouette in a light fog.

Then the woman said, and it still was as if she spoke to somebody else, "How come you have no rifle?"

"We threw away our rifles," the soldier said. "We were sick and tired of carrying them. We were sick and tired of the war and of the winter and of the officers and of everything. We wanted to go home. They shot seventeen men in our battalion." He spat on the floor as if to get rid of a bad taste. "Do you have a cigarette?" he asked. "I haven't had a cigarette for a long time."

"Yes," the woman said. "There must be a packet of cigarettes somewhere." She rummaged through the painted chest and found the cigarettes. The soldier lit one and drew in the smoke, his eyes half closed. He leaned backward and the trace of a smile appeared on his lean unshaven face. The woman watched him anxiously and said, "You will stay for a time won't you?"

"Yes," the soldier said. "I'll stay here."

The soldier soon gave up counting the days and the weeks. When the weather was bad he was lying near the stove, dozing or sleeping, beside him the gentle snoring of the simple-minded boy. In the afternoon he would slip down and get his black bread and cabbage soup or black bread with onion, or kvass and black bread. The woman was a good baker, and the soldier liked the smell of the bread as it came out of the oven, and its strong chestnut-brown crust.

Sometimes the soldier and the woman talked with each other in a slow and watchful way. The woman wanted to know what people he had at home. He told her he hadn't seen any of them for years. His father had died, and when his mother had married again he had gone to the town, and had become a Storm Trooper. Since then he had been a professional soldier.

At other times the woman spoke about her son and about the life in

the village as it was before the war. The fighting had gone over the village three times and had swept it clean. Now the front line had shifted north, and the village was forgotten again. It was a good thing to be forgotten, the woman said. Yes, the soldier said, it was a good thing.

The woman had burned his flimsy uniform in the stove and had given him her son's things to wear: the short coat that was lined with lamb-skin, the fur cap, and the enormous felt boots. The soldier wore them when working outdoors, throwing down the snow from the roof or chopping away the ice from the little brook that ran through the back

yard, to get some water. The woman smiled when she saw him like that.

On clear days they took out the sleds and went to the forest to fetch some firewood. There was a certain air of familiar festivity to these excursions. They took some food with them and they built a fire in a clearing. At other times only the boy went with him, and then they used to go farther than they did when the woman was with them. It was on one of these trips that they reached the country road that led into the highway to Bobruisk and that they saw the tank tracks in the snow. The boy saw them first, and he pointed at them with a kind of inarticulate howl, as if he were scared. The tracks, sharp and clear, were fresh, otherwise the wind would already have filled them with snow.

The soldier stood for a moment without motion, but there was a deep crease between his eyebrows. If he tried hard he could catch up with the machines and the men and

"I am hurt," said the soldier. "You can't shoot me down like that."

the war and with everything. He would hear again the sound of marching feet, the clink and clatter of a column on the march, the laughter of soldiers, their roaring jokes when they had drunk.

He was a soldier. He was not a peasant. The soldier's trade was war, and he was a soldier. He could catch up right now, if he tried hard.

He did not try hard, though. He did not try at all, for that matter. When he arrived at the village he did not tell the woman what he had seen, and he went to bed earlier than he used to.

It was the war that caught up with him. The weather had been

very mild for the season, with lots of slush and rain, but now it had frozen again, and the ruts in the road were brittle and sharp, like razors. There was the smashing sound of many feet outside, and suddenly the door was flung open. The man who entered was clad like an ordinary muzhik, and he was rather small, but he carried a sub-machine gun in his hands, and there were many other men behind him. He lowered the gun when he saw the woman.

"Sdrastuyte, Comrade Fedorovna," he said.

"Sdrastuyte, Comrade Ilyitch," the woman said. Her voice was calm and friendly. "Won't you close the door and come in? I haven't seen you for a long time."

The men filed in, pushing and laughing. They were a ragged and shabby lot, but all of them had Army rifles, and some had sub-machine guns like the leader. Gerbert, peering down from the top of the stove, counted more than a dozen. The throbbing of his heart was like a

steam hammer. He rolled back where he was hidden by the boy's body.

It smoked us out from Sibirskoye," the man named Ilyitch said, and recounted the story of recent fighting.

"We've got new quarters now, over in Kutno," he said. "It's a nice place, in the middle of the swamp. I don't think they will find us so soon in Kutno."

"It's a good place," the woman said. "My cousin's son married a girl from Kutno. They are nice, but they're hard to get along with."

"Comrade Fedorovna," he went on. "We have a lot of ammunition right now, and I don't want it all in one place. We have buried some of it in Smichovo, and some in Pronsk, and so on. I intend to bury some right here under your barn. We'll come for it when we need it, and we'll instruct you how to blow it up in an emergency."

The woman smoothed out her apron with restless hands. She did not answer right away, and her voice was brittle when she said, "No, Vladimir Ilyitch. I don't want any of your ammunition. Better look for another place, Vladimir Ilyitch."

Ilyitch's eyebrows rose, and he took the cigarette out of his mouth. "There's something wrong here," he said slowly. His keen, slightly slanted eyes ran through the room and lingered on the candle in the corner and the dimly lighted icon. "Saints," he said contemptuously. "Czarist saints. And fellows lazing on the stove, as if there were nothing better they could do. Hey, come down here, little brother. We want to have a look at you."

Please turn to page 31





## BE QUICK TO TREAT YOUR COUGH

Fast-working remedy alone  
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CHRONIC bronchitis, even pneumonia, may develop if your cough, chest cold or bronchitis infection is not treated promptly and effectively. You need take no risks with anything less potent than Edinburgh Cough Mixture to smash out the infection. Edinburgh Cough Mixture is a carefully blended liniment, including tested remedies for coughs and colds.

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THE FAST-WORKING REMEDY  
CONTAINS LANTIGEN "A" ORAL VACCINE

## FEELING

### "Ready to Drop?"

Even the extra strain of war-time living, of personal anxieties and long hours of work, should not exhaust your energy or destroy your joy of living. Your resources should be almost inexhaustible if only you can rebuild your normal powers of recuperation. One sip of WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic," makes you feel brighter, more alert—vigorous and alive. A few more glasses put that sparkle in your eyes, spring in your step, pep into your body. WINCARNIS has this wonderful effect because its rich, choice, full-blooded wine content is supercharged with two vital, nourishing vitamins. It brings new strength to your brain and nerves. A long course is not necessary. You may safely take and enjoy WINCARNIS—its value is proved by the 26,000 recommendations received from medical men. Obtainable from all chemists.

HE felt rather than saw her retreating.

"Get behind the door," he ordered softly. "I'm not mad. You're really in danger. The black-out might be due to the usual trouble, but I'm taking no chances. If nothing happens and the lights come on again I'm ringing the C.O. to have you taken out of this. You're not—Listen—"

He spun round. He was between Dawn and the door. He pointed his gun, held his torch out wide.

The lights blazed on suddenly, dazzling him. He saw a blurred figure in the doorway, heard a sharp explosion. He fired as the lights went off again. He fired again, heard a grunt. Something heavy hit the floor, something metallic. He heard a yell of alarm from the ward. That was Terry. There was not a sound from Dawn.

He heard rapid footsteps going down the passage, and pressed the button of his torch. There was nobody in the doorway now. He swung the beam round sharply.

Dawn was crouching on the floor, terrified, but unharmed. Terry was clamoring at the door. "What's going on here—"

Don heard a door bang sharply, and swung the beam on to Terry. "Listen. There's been another attack. I'm going after the killer. Look after Dawn. Ring the guard-room. There's a gun on the floor. Use it if you have to—"

His torch showed him the way. He sped down the passage. He heard Dawn cry out. "Don—wait—Oh—Don—"

He took no notice. The distress was not for him. He turned into the entrance hall, burst through the doors.

The street lights were still burning, he noted with surprise and satisfaction. Only the hospital circuit had been tampered with.

He saw two figures running across the street towards the tarmac, one being helped by the other. Over on the tarmac he heard guards shouting to one another, and saw air-

## Wings to Beat

Continued from page 4

men tumbling out of sleeping huts.

Don set off in pursuit. He crossed the road and entered the gloom beyond. Here there were half-built huts, and the brick foundations of the gymnasium. The next lights were on the tarmac some distance away; beneath them were the rows of girders and building material.

Don turned north. The fugitives could not go straight ahead. They would run into the guards. They could not go south either. They would meet up with the rubbernecks coming up from the centre of the station. They could only go north toward the fence, and the road beyond.

A plane was coming in over the fence, its engines filling the night with noise. Don kept running until the racket had faded, then he stopped to listen. He could hear the murmur of the crowd cutting across to the hospital. A tender roared up the road and turned off on to the drive. It had come from the guard-house. Dawn would be safe enough now.

Don started running again, but was halted by a sudden notion. He turned round and made off in the opposite direction. He hurried, but he did not run. He reached the branch road which curved round the parade ground. He met nobody, for he had cut in behind the aroused airmen who were making for the hospital.

He kept going until he reached the southern fence. He tore his gown climbing it, and discarded it, keeping the torch and gun in his hands.

He made straight for the ruins, but fifty yards short of it he turned off and circled. He made no attempt to conceal his presence, but was tensed for a challenge from the watching constable. When no challenge came he moved in closer, approaching the old chapel from the south.

When he reached the first wall he kicked some stones together and halted.

A plane took off and roared overhead. Don waited for a few minutes, and then crept down the wall to the left arm of the cross. He was puzzled, worried. Either the constable was dozing, or—

He reached the wall of the arm and followed it round. He came to an aperture which extended almost to the ground, peered cautiously in and whispered, "Hello, there—"

There was no answer. After a moment he lifted his torch and swept the floor with its beam.

There was nobody there. But there was a gaping hole where the slab had been.

He cut off the beam and crouched lower against the wall. This needed thinking out. It looked as if the sergeant's backstop had been surprised and overpowered. It fitted in with his notion to some extent. The two men he had glimpsed had used the underground route again.

The blueprints then were either incorrect or incomplete. All the drains on the tarmac were covered by the guards. There was another exit that had been overlooked—somewhere, Don reasoned, between the gymnasium and the tarmac.

The two men would come this way. If they did, he had them cold. All he had to do was wait.

He climbed through the crack and picked his way carefully to a corner. He sat there patiently for half an hour while planes roared overhead. Then suddenly he pricked up his ears. There was a new note in the sky.

It grew louder, and he identified it as a Lockheed bomber.

He saw its lights then, three thousand feet up. They swept across the heavens as swift as meteors, and some minutes later he heard the high banshee wailing of the bomber's variable-speed propellers as it came in to land.

"Visitors," thought Don, "I wonder who it's brought up."

There were no Lockheeds on the station.

He dismissed the question from his mind then. He was getting weary of waiting. Also he was beginning to doubt his conclusion. Maybe the policeman had ignored his instructions and, becoming curious, was doing some exploring on his own.

Don moved over to the hole. He found the slab on a heap of rubble. He played the beam of his torch over its surface and round its edges. He doubted whether the policeman could have lifted it by himself even with the aid of a crowbar. And there had been no crowbars lying round.

He got on his knees and listened. Then he stretched himself out and hung over, head down. He was taking a risk of being picked off if somebody was down there, but he didn't stop to let reason and curiosity argue it out. He flashed his torch downwards and round, and then snapped it off.

What he had seen was a cellar the size of a large room, utterly bare with the exception of three or four iron hoops which climbed a wall to the lip of the hole. In the opposite wall he had noticed an exit large enough to allow a man to pass through upright.

He lay quiet for a minute; only crickets broke the silence. Then carefully he wriggled round and felt for the first hoop with his foot.

The steps were widely spaced. He wondered how the old monks had managed to negotiate them.

When he reached the bottom he used his torch again briefly. Then he slid across to the opening and stood there listening intently. Another plane roared overhead; vibrations made the old stones tremble.

He took a step forward and felt for the wall on either side. Then he switched on his torch and moved ahead. He had figured out things wrongly; the fugitives couldn't be coming this way. They had used another avenue of escape. This was a chance to investigate the passage, and he might as well seize it.

A few yards along, the passage

## Animal Antics



"Calling all aerodromes—ceiling zero, ceiling zero."

made a flat angle turn and then twisted back. Here and there it widened into pockets. He had passed two of these when he came to one which was deep enough to be a cave. His torch ran round it, skipped to the ceiling, and then to the floor. It passed swiftly over a form, returned—

The body was sprawled out, a smear of blood on the forehead. Don ran across and dropped to his knees. The body was warm, and the man still breathed, but very faintly. This must be the constable, and he needed attention badly. Don turned to go, halted. He heard a faint groan from farther up the passage.

He remembered then that he had winged one of the fellows in the hospital. Maybe this was the one. He crept up the passage holding his torch out wide and ahead.

The passage twisted, ran into another pocket. He halted at the entrance, swung his beam rapidly from side to side. There was the groan again—almost at his feet. He jerked his torch down.

The beam fell at first on a number of small, square boxes, hesitated on a stencilled group of words. His mind photographed them. The beam passed on, fled over bound legs, arms, settled on a face.

Don stepped back, startled. "You—" he gasped.

(To be continued)



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## Movie World

• CAROLE LANDIS, 25-year-old blonde beauty from Fox Studios, devotes most of her time to entertainment tours and bond-selling tours in America and overseas, and confesses that she gets a tremendous thrill from these. Her latest film is "Four Jills in a

Jeep," with Mitzi Mayfair, Martha Rags, and Kay Francis. The story relates the adventures of the four girls on a recent tour of North Africa. On Sundays Carole assists her mother in distributing coffee and doughnuts to the soldiers on beach patrol.

### BUBBLES... AN UNDISSTANDING



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# Drama of Spanish Civil War



1 DURING the Spanish Civil War, Pablo (Akim Tamiroff), Pilar (Katina Paxinou), and their followers are staunch supporters of the Loyalists.



2 AMERICAN TEACHER Robert Jordan (Gary Cooper) joins the insurgents, and arrives at Pablo's stronghold, where he meets refugee Maria (Ingrid Bergman).



3 ALTHOUGH Maria and Jordan fall in love, romance is put aside for the grim reality of war.



4 RESENTING Jordan's leadership, Pablo deserts, but Pilar persuades the men to support Jordan.



5 ORIGINAL means of blowing up bridge destroyed by Pablo; Jordan and El Sordo (Joseph Calleia) do work with hand grenades.

6 AFTER the explosion, the band escapes down a narrow path, but Jordan, wounded, insists on remaining with the machine-gun to cover their retreat.

## \*\*\*\*\* FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S best-seller, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," is set against the violence and barbarity of the Spanish Civil War, and with a background of revolution the author has told the passionate yet tender love story of Robert Jordan, the American, and Maria, the beautiful Spanish girl.

The film was produced and directed by Sam Wood, under the personal supervision of Paramount's studio chief, B. G. DeSylva, and was photographed in technicolor in California's Sierra Nevada Mountains.

\*\*\*\*\*

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• After a recent charity show in California, police guarding Frank Sinatra were left holding hands when the crooner's fans stormed through demanding autographs. Forty minutes later Frank made his get-away and took refuge in a garage.

• At the top right is a study of Frank Sinatra as he appears in his first film, RKO's "Higher and Higher."

## Famous crooner not spoilt by success

I OWE a lot to Australia," smiled Frank Sinatra, when I interviewed him on the set of his second picture, "Manhattan Serenade."

Frank was rehearsing a dancing and singing number with lovely stage star Ann Jeffries at RKO and between shots he came over to chat with me.

I was sitting in his chair, which bears the legend on the back, "The Voice."

I asked him to explain further his debt to Australia, and Frank said: "Seven years ago in New York I met the Australian tenor, John Quinlan. We became friends, and John helped me to broaden my voice considerably. We kept in touch, and when I return to New York next week he is the first person I am going to look up.

By Cable from  
**VIOLA MacDONALD**  
in Hollywood

I will tell him I met his compatriot here."

Frank is a sincere and gentle boy, far from the "killer-diller" type. He has wistful blue eyes, is of slender build, and seemed rather shy. He said he wishes to see the "beautiful" Australian countryaide John has told me so much about."

Though he is not in the Army, due to an injured eardrum, Frank is a tireless worker for servicemen, inviting them to visit him on the set and devoting his time to bond selling.

"I was asked to play in an exhibition golf match with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, but as I am such a lousy player I told them I would rather caddy for them."



• A famous trio were teamed when Sinatra, Dinah Shore, and Bing Crosby sang at a concert for servicemen.

—Armed Forces Radio Service photo.

Frank admitted, "I ended up as a master of ceremonies, and auctioning Dorothy Lamour's sarong for charity."

He grinned sheepishly, confessing, "They made me wear it until it was sold."

Frank the idol of millions of schoolgirls who swoon at the sound of his voice, is the devoted father of two children, and says his wife, Nancy, is the best girl in the world.

His favorite hobby is collecting snapshots for the family album. Frank introduced me to another Australian, music department assistant manager Norman Bennett, saying, "Here is another reason why I owe a debt to Australia."

AUSTRALIAN R.A.A.F. sergeant A. J. McMillan visited America on his way to England, and during his stay there met Frank Sinatra. To his family he wrote: "I have never heard such wild applause as when Frank Sinatra sang, and, believe me, he was certainly worth it. Afterwards our friends introduced us to him, and we found him very unaffected and very likeable. He conversed with us just like any young man, and was going to join us for supper, but was unable to do so because his wife was expecting a baby that night."

Norman helps me with my voice on all musical numbers in this picture." Norman thinks Sinatra is "a nice kid who tries hard and who knows his acting limitations."

Norman Bennett, reminiscing about Australia, says he remembers vividly when he broadcast with Melba from her Lilydale home on the first national broadcast in 1928.

He feels Australians are more musically inclined than Americans. He thinks the folks at home will enjoy the music in this Sinatra film, as it is more nearly genuine music than most popular tunes.

I particularly like his number titled "As Long As There's Music." As I watched Frank take up his position before the microphone to sing "Friendship," I wondered if Australian girls would follow their American cousins and swoon and shriek when the crooner's dulcet tones are heard.

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Below are two examples of reports received from people all over Australia. **GLASSES DISCARDED AT ONCE:** "My eyes are definitely better. The inflammation has gone, and I wear no glasses except for reading. I can even knit without them."—Mrs. R.L., Adelaide.

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We've all got our dreams for post war happiness.



Your hubby comes back from the war.

You'll sit together for hours making plans



There'll be a big thrill in getting out the old car and polishing it up.

... having a picnic ... or the crowd in for a party on Saturday night.

You'll give up your war job, and he'll take a peace job.



And you'll both settle down to the serious but wonderful business of—



Less than a handful of simple styles to choose from, but they are made with all of Jantzen's usual, exceptional care. But stocks are so limited, please hold off unless you haven't a warm stitch to your back.



Now, our wool industry is worth more than £10,000,000 a year to us in normal times.



It was worth more than £70,000,000 last year. You will agree that that much money can make a lot of difference to our prosperity ... to the sort of job your husband will get. If this country lost that income, you'd probably have to keep on living in that little flat you're in now for quite a few more years.



That's why we say that your home and happiness are on the sheep's back.

building your home and happiness. But, hold on ... Things will be different after the war. Our factories will need something to replace war orders to keep them going—and keep your husband in a job.



Of course we've got every confidence in Australia's future, but we've got to face up to the fact that there's a big threat to our wool industry. There's a lot of talk about the synthetic wools that have been developed overseas! Some people say they will K.O. Australia's pure wool in the world markets.

Actually, we at Jantzen aren't very worried about the overseas threat of synthetic wools. So far, none of the synthetics can provide anything like the warmth, softness and long-wearing qualities of Australia's pure wool. To put it straight—there's all the difference between chalk and cheese.

But that doesn't mean we can sit back and do nothing about boosting the superiority of our wool to the whole, wide world.



We at Jantzen are planning to come out with a range of pure-wool cardigans and pullovers after the war that will be just as sensational as our peace-time swim-suits.



They'll be gorgeous garments.

Such styling! Whew!

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# Home shortage a cause of marriage troubles



**ADOPTED BABY**, Margaret, renews acquaintance with Mrs. Fordham. Girls are not encouraged by the hospital authorities to part with their babies, but adoptions are arranged with the co-operation of the Child Welfare Department.



**VOLUNTARY WORKER**, Miss Mary Dixon (left), and student, Miss Pat Darnley, taking children to Ashfield Infants' Home. Children are often placed temporarily in homes while the mothers are in hospital for a confinement.



**INTERVIEWING A PATIENT.** Mrs. Elsie Fordham, almoner at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, talks to a mother of two children. The hospital recently launched a Golden Jubilee Appeal for funds to help rebuilding.

## Almoner helps mothers along the road to happiness

By MRS. ELSIE FORDHAM, almoner at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, whose job it is to help patients with their economic and psychological problems.

Wartime has increased the range of domestic problems with which, as almoner of a big women's hospital, I come in contact.

Earlier in the war the departure of so many husbands loomed largest in the family problems which needed unravelling in my office near the out-patients' department.

Now, over and over again, I hear stories of difficulties in getting along together after such long separations.

**PARTICULARLY** is this so in the case of marriages which were only of brief duration before the husband departed.

He returns to find that his wife seems a stranger to him. Perhaps the child who arrived after he left worries him.

The wife finds that her husband has changed a great deal. Perhaps she has been living with her mother, I have heard of many husbands, friable with the adjustment of domestic life, who returned to their mothers.

The housing shortage is one of the greatest contributing factors to these maladjusted wartime marriages.

It is difficult enough for young people to adjust themselves to a marriage which was interrupted by the war.

It is a great deal more difficult when the adjustment has to be made in an already overcrowded household.

Many of the husbands and wives will, I feel, settle down eventually. Just now the husband misses the regular routine and comradeship of Army life. He is irked by the domestic round. His wife's conversation seems trivial. The child seems annoying him.

Often he has built so much on the return home, imagined such a picture of domestic bliss that no reality could equal it. The let-down causes quarrels.

In the same way the wife has forgotten her husband's faults—and, indeed, if it has been a rush wartime marriage, often she has never encountered these faults until he returns.

As almoner, it is my job to deal with the patient as a human being, whereas the doctors and nurses have to see her as a case.

Not does my interest as almoner cease when the patient is discharged from hospital. My department is concerned with her as a permanent member of society, and does not cease contact until she seems to be on a road which will lead her to health and happiness.

Every day about 90 out-patients attend the hospital, most of them ante-natal cases.

The out-patients' sister sends to me any who need help for the following reasons:

If she is single.

If she receives food relief or is in very poor circumstances.

If she has children who must be placed somewhere during her confinement.

If she wants a certificate for any purpose.

Many patients have no one to look after their children when they come in for confinement.

Several public and private homes co-operate with us by taking young children for a period, but there is a great shortage of homes for the purpose.

**Unmarried mothers**

**MUCH** of my work is concerned with single girls. My job is to know not only how to help them while the baby is coming, and when he has come, but to try to discover what has led the girl to the point of defying convention.

War-time conditions and the attractions of uniforms are contributing causes, but the number of extra-marital births at Crown Street has not actually increased since the war.

I hear many and varied stories; stories of parental repression leading to reaction, of financial hardship, of ignorance, of lack of friends in the city, of promised marriages, and of lack of interest in jobs (a good many of which, I must say, would bore anybody).

All of these causes can contribute to an unwanted child. Once recognised, these causes can be removed, and the patient, after the baby is born, can readjust her life and start off afresh.

In my department I have the assistance of voluntary workers, and of students who are doing a social studies course.

We find it a great help if we can come in contact with the girl at an early stage of pregnancy, for only then can she feel the benefit of our support and sympathy during the months when she has such mental distress.

Take the case of Joan, single, pregnant, and living in poor conditions.

After a while she found her work

too heavy for her, so we found her a temporary post where she could live in, until two months before her confinement.

We helped her choose baby clothes, advising her, and supplying her with some.

We then put her in touch with the maintenance branch of the Child Welfare Department, so that she could start a case against the young soldier who was the father of the child.

(Later, when she won her case, she was granted £30 preliminary expenses and 10/- a week for the child until it was 14 years old.)

When Joan had to stop working we placed her in a small home for babies on the outskirts of Sydney. She was able to stay there until her confinement, and in the meantime learned something of looking after babies.

Joan hoped that when the baby was weaned she could leave it somewhere while she learned a trade.

We wrote to her mother, who so far had refused to have anything to do with the girl.

She was so delighted with her grandchild that she promised to look after it when it could leave its mother, so that Joan could learn dressmaking.

That attitude on the part of mothers is something I often see.

Mothers who have been so angry with their daughters that they refused to help them have been entirely softened by the sight of the grandchild.

It is so with the girls themselves, too. Very often a girl who is sure she wants the child adopted changes her mind when she sees it.

I do not encourage girls to part with their babies, for it may easily set up psychological trouble.

Yet there are some cases in which I think it is best.

Take one case, that of a girl of 19. She lived at home with parents who guarded her very closely, and gave her no money or freedom.

Nearby there lived a relative with whose husband the girl had relations for some years.

When she became pregnant he took his wife away, and the girl was turned out.

A relative took her in and brought her to hospital, where I arranged for her to come in as a waiting patient for the last six weeks of pregnancy.

The wife did not know her husband was the father of the baby, and this was a case in which I felt it better for the child to be adopted.

Were it taken back to the home circle, distress and quarrels would be sure to continue.

### Interviewing fathers

**A** TASK at which I am becoming quite hardened is that of interviewing the young men responsible.

If the girl is alone in the world, without parents to fight her battles, I have to play the role of her father, and see what is the man's attitude to marriage.

The replies of these young men are often surprising—"I'd rather die than marry her." "My mother wouldn't let me"—this from a burly six-foot soldier. "Not while I got eyes in me head," or even, "What about taking you out, nurse?"

It is not only the single girls who have domestic problems and emotional disturbances.

Very many of our married patients have exceedingly complex histories.

Although this family became known to me while in another State it is typical of many which I meet every year at Crown Street.

It is the case of a married woman who told the doctor that her husband ill-treated her, and had told her and her friends that she was going insane.

The patient and I had a long talk and she went home. One of my workers went to see the husband.

He, she decided, was a charming man, who drank only because his wife drove him to it by constant nagging.

The wife accused him continually of loose living, and was violently jealous.

The husband admitted that he had often told her she was mad, but, he contended, surely she must be or she would not talk like that?

Next we visited the wife, but found things no better. She refused to go for a holiday, for she would not trust her husband.

We assisted her to get new teeth, and some new clothes, feeling that these might help the husband to regard her more kindly, and later we were able to arrange for them to spend a holiday away together.

In such cases it is seldom possible to say that we have entirely patched up differences, but we feel that we have helped.

## OUR COVER: What Victory Loan means to soldier's son

The sturdy little Australian, two-and-a-half-years-old Frank Bladwell, who appears on the cover of our issue this week, is the only child of a prisoner of war in Malaya, Sergeant Frederick Bladwell. He buys war savings stamps with the pennies from his money-box.

**I**N our cover picture, a color photograph by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer Robert Cleland, Frank is holding the pendant of the 2/30th Battalion, which fought to the last at Singapore and fell into the hands of the Japanese.

Frank was four months old when Singapore fell. His father has never seen him.

His mother did not know then whether her husband was alive.

Each day she waited by the mail-

box for the postman on his rounds. She never gave up hope, and when the baby began to walk and talk she told him of his soldier daddy.

Just before last Christmas the postman brought the anxiously awaited word. Just an impersonal printed card with the words, filled in by her husband's writing: "Safe and well; all my love.—Fred."

On that day she says a heavy burden fell from her shoulders. Nothing ever since has got her down.

Before the war, she and Frank's father planned to start their married life in a business of their own.

Like many other young Australian

couples, when war came they married and had a few months together before Sergeant Bladwell went off to fight.

Mrs. Bladwell, who is a graduate of Sydney University, kept on her job, teaching English and history at a girls' school. She had leave of absence when her baby was born, and went back to work as soon as he was old enough to be left.

While her husband is a prisoner of war she builds for the future.

All her savings are invested in war bonds, and when her days of anxious waiting and loneliness are over and the father of her little boy is home again, she will convert them into capital to start a business.

Frank is also an investor in war bonds. He has one in the Victory Loan bought for him by his mother, and one in the last war loan bought for him by his grandmother.

**FOLLOW FRANK'S EXAMPLE: Invest in the Victory Loan**



# Editorial

APRIL 22, 1944

## EXPLOITING SORROW

AN English court recently convicted a group of so-called spiritualists for their profitable activities among the war-racked people of Britain.

The takings of this unscrupulous trade in the occult amounted sometimes to as much as £200 a week.

"Many people, especially in wartime, are sorrowing for loved ones and there is great danger of their susceptibilities being exploited," said the judge in passing sentence.

Australia also has its charlatans in this field, and it is easy for them to batten on the feelings of people who have men serving at distant battle stations or who are mourning battle casualties.

Especially susceptible are the relatives of men who have been reported missing, but whose fate is unknown.

At times the longing of these relatives for some word of the men they love becomes so urgent that they will give credence to any sort of message, any hint or omen that appears to bring them new hope of future reunion.

They must be protected from the ghouls who would profit from that natural longing.

Local police have always been active against fraudulent fortune-tellers and mediums. Increased vigilance in these matters will be a real service to the public now.

There are sincere investigators of the occult and many honest believers in spiritualism. They have every right to freedom of opinion and belief.

But no one has the right to make money from the need of comfort and hope that many people feel in these anxious times.

—THE EDITOR.



TOURIST TRIP to Banff for R.A.A.F. boys in Canada. Left to right: Tony Pallet, Ted Stokes, Ted Trueman, Tom Maher, and a Canadian airman who accompanied them on the trip. Photo sent by Mrs. E. Maher, Kingsford, N.S.W.



RAMU RIVER bathing party. Photo sent by Sgt. Alan Gray, R.A.A.F., second from left, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gray, Coogee, N.S.W. Extreme left, LAC W. Geldard, "Oitiz," native boy, washing his own clothes, LAC L. Wallace, and (standing) W. Mansell.

## Cook overboard—thrilling rescue in rough sea

Washed overboard in rough weather, a ship's cook of the R.A.N. was rescued after a twenty-five-minute search.

His leg was fractured and he had to be operated on by the ship's doctor.

A member of the crew, J. Harrison, pays a tribute to the doctor's fine work in a letter to Miss K. Hollibone, Cremorne, N.S.W.

"WE were battling in a very heavy sea when suddenly the ship took a list to port of over 50 degrees," he writes.

"When I tell you 45 degrees is a danger list, you will imagine how we felt."

"It was only good seamanship on the captain's part that pulled us out."

"Then we found one of our cooks had been washed overboard."

"He was dashed against the rails, suffering a very bad compound fracture of the right leg, together with other bad injuries."

"We learned this after a very thrilling rescue."

"Although the chap had only one chance in a hundred of being rescued, we turned about and searched for twenty-five minutes until the look-out reported him still afloat."

"One rarely witnesses such a good show of seamanship as the captain gave in getting alongside the poor chap, who was more dead than alive."

"Willing hands were waiting to pull him on board."

"In addition to the injuries I have already stated, he had, while in the water, been attacked by a huge albatross, which made a terrible mess of his shoulder."

"On this ship my action station is with the medical party, and we've been trained by a very efficient young doctor."

"That evening after the poor fellow had been treated for shock we mustered in the sick bay to help the doctor with the operation, which was a very serious one—lots of stitching, and the leg to be set in plaster."

"The captain eased the ship down while the doctor worked on, and did an excellent job under trying conditions."

"I wonder if land folks can imagine a job of this description, carried out in a boiling sea, and with no knowledge of what fate awaits the ship from several different sources."

"Fortunately the poor chap—he had lots of courage—is now doing well in hospital ashore."

"We always take off our hats to doctors. I have witnessed some wonderful acts carried out by them in this war."

"Our doctor was previously on the Canberra."



THREE BROTHERS meet on leave for the first time in more than a year. Left to right: Corporal Kevin, P/O. Max, and AC2 Peter McEwan, of St. Kilda, Vic.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS in Trafalgar Square. Photo sent by F. Sgt. Greepe (left) to his mother in Auburn, N.S.W.

### LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

F/Sgt. G. J. Marr, in England, to his mother, Mrs. S. Marr, 3 Manilla St., East Brisbane:

"JOHNNY and I came to London with a pocketful of money."

"When we were at our last station we all put in two shillings for a radio set, which meant the whole hut owned it."

"But Johnny and I had to stay at the camp a day longer, so we came into sole ownership of the set."

"We immediately raffled it round the camp and sold quite a few tickets at two shillings each."

"Then as luck would have it I won the set, whereupon we started the raffle all over again."

"Stranger than fiction, my gobber, John, was the lucky winner this time, so we ended up selling the thing to a hut full of Canadians who had just arrived."

"We have had a really wonderful and interesting time. We have seen just about everything."

"The second morning we were here we went for a horse ride in Rotten Row, which was rather disappointing. It is just a dirt track running through Hyde Park."

"Accompanying us we had a couple of bright young things of high society, who fondly imagine that you, Dad, have more money than you can possibly know what to do with."

"I have seen nearly every show

in the West End. Needless to say, the two Australian plutocrats arrived up at the 13/6 front stalls—on a free ticket, of course—obtained through the Boomerang Club."

"We have about £4 between us now. Still, I don't regret one minute of anything."

"If I come home I have had the experiences of a lifetime, and my policy now is to live for to-day, as the to-morrow have a way of taking care of themselves."

LAC J. R. Milne, to his mother, Mrs. L. Milne, 33 Grange Rd., Alphington, Vic.:

"I HAD an uncomfortable experience. You'll probably laugh when I tell you all about it."

"There I was, busily trying to put the dinghy of my kite up on to the wings, when suddenly a jeep flashes by plus a blaze of skirt."

"It was no mirage, because the jeep swung round and pulled into my bay, and came right round to where yours truly was putting on the didn't-see-and-very-busy act."

"The next thing that happened was a female voice saying, 'Hello, there, how are you going?'"

"Upon hearing a sound like that for the first time in five or six months, bells started ringing in my ears, and suddenly I woke up and

wondered where I had heard a sound like that before."

"I turned round to see from whence the sound came, and there, before my eyes, sitting in a jeep, were three real white girls."

"I couldn't find my voice for a while, but I came out of my trance a bit when one of the girls spoke again."

"At last I managed to speak, and in such a funny voice, too. The words just stuck in my throat."

"I felt terribly shy. Imagine me, of all people, being shy and blushing just because I was confronted with some real females."

"The girls were very nice to talk to, full of conversation, with a touch of music."

"They were Australian girls up here with the U.S.A. Entertainment Party. There were eight of them altogether."

Sgt. Tom Maher, training in Canada, to his mother of 17 Maitland Ave., Kingsford, N.S.W.:

"EVERYTHING we have learnt now has to be put into practice."

"You have to use your ears, eyes, nose, teeth, hands, and feet all at once, and when you go to bed mentally exhausted, you pray that by the morning you grow tentacles like an octopus, and two heads as well."

"Now I realise how little I know, and how much I will have to re-learn."

"I have just received a book of views of Sydney Harbor and the city, which I will immediately rush round and show my Canadian friends."

"My time has never been so valuable to me before."

"Days fly past like hours, and weeks like days. 'Spare time' has been eliminated from my vocabulary."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

A MOMENTOUS week lies ahead, for the sun journeys from the sign Aries into that of Taurus exceptionally early—at midday on Thursday, April 20.

Such an event is of zodiacal importance, for it happens seldom, and usually produces important events.

Most people born on April 20 belong to the sign Aries, but when the sun journeys into Taurus early, as this year, children born on April 20 will be Taurians.

Most of those born under the signs Virgo, Taurus, and Capricorn will experience good fortune for several weeks now. Pisceans and Cancerians will also benefit to some extent.

However, Leonians, Scorpius, and Aquarians must now be patient and cautious.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Foulness important matters on April 18, between 8 a.m. and 9 p.m., but avoid rashness, misjudgments, signing documents, carelessly, legal decisions, extravagance, and worry. April 19 (near sunset) fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): April 18 tricky. On April 19 and 20, avoid upsets over home, clothing, and friends. Good news possible early on April 20. April 21 good from forenoon to sunset, poor in mid-evening, but good after 10 p.m. April 22 (dawn and afternoon hours) helpful. April 23 (early morning and mid-afternoon) good; rest fair, except from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. April 24 fair, except early sunset.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): April 18 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. helpful, but avoid all exaggerations, misjudgments, and extravagance. April 19 and 20 poor. On April 24, judgments and decisions may be upset.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): Affairs now improve somewhat, yet be cautious on April 18, 19, and 20, and April 21. April 22 (near dawn and midnight) fair.

**LEO** (July 22 to August 21): Let all important matters stand over a while. April 18 and 19 tricky. April 20 poor. April 21 and 22 difficult. Make no important judgments then. Avoid long decisions and legal matters. Guard health, speech, and writings. Routine work advised.

**VIRGO** (August 22 to September 21): Fair ahead. Some better weeks possible. April 18 and 19 poor. April 20 fair. April 21 (round dawn and midnight) good. April 22 fair, except near sunset, but avoid, disaster. Important decisions, or writings. April 23 poor.

**LIBRA** (September 22 to October 21): Night improvements now, but routine work. April 18, 19, 20, and 21 all poor.

**SCORPIO** (October 22 to November 21): Be on guard. Separative influences may bring loose parties, opposition, and discord, especially on April 18, 23, and 24. Take no risks in speech, writings, and decisions. Double-check decisions.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): Make good use of April 18 from 8 a.m. to mid-evening, then be more quickly to late April 20. April 21 fair. April 22 fair. On April 19 and 24 use all caution to avoid poor judgment in speech and writings or decisions.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 21): April 18 and 19 need caution and patience. April 20 and 21 fair. April 22 tricky. Be cautious.

**AQUARIUS** (January 22 to February 21): Morning and afternoon of April 18 very fair, but otherwise be cautious. Be cautious also on April 19, and (most of all) on April 24. April 23 poor. Routine work.

**PISCES** (February 22 to March 21): April 18 fair. April 19 (near sunset) fair. April 20 (afternoon) poor. April 21 poor. Be guarded against poor judgments, unwise changes, and worry on April 24 and 25.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## MOPSY—The Cherry Redhead



GLAITS PARKER  
"That's marvellous! Now hold it."



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in the wrestling game as a result of

**SHARPY:** A manager, tricking Lothar into signing a contract. The Nubian makes a sensational debut, and is matched with

**BONECRUSHER:** As a stepping-stone to championship match. Lothar wins.

**NAILS:** A gangster, forces Sharpy to give him a half-interest in Lothar. Mandrake insists that Sharpy inform Nails the deal is off. Nails and two of his men call on Mandrake, who checks their shooting by making Nails think his revolver has turned into a visiting card.

NOW READ ON:

AN, YES, THE NAME IS NAILS, MR. NAILS.

WHAT GOES ON HERE? YOU TRYIN' TO MAKE A SUCKER OUT OF ME?

I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SEE LOTHAR. I'LL CALL HIM.

LOTHAR--LOTHAR--COME QUICKLY!

ME COME--QUICK!

LOTHAR, THESE MEN HAVE COME TO SEE YOU, THEY ARE GANGSTERS.

SAY--!

THEY'RE TRYING TO FORCE SHARPY TO GIVE THEM A HALF-SHARE OF YOUR WRESTLING CONTRACT--WITHOUT PAYING ANYTHING FOR IT.

DO YOU WANT THEM AS YOUR MANAGERS?

NO.

THAT'S ALL. YOU MAY GO--!

THERE'S SOME FUNNY STUFF GOIN' ON HERE-- BUT I NEVER SAW ANYTHING THAT A BULLET COULDN'T STOP!

ARE YOU GENTLEMEN THREATENING ME?

YOU CATCH ON QUICK.

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN! I DON'T APPROVE OF GUNPLAY AS A RULE--

NAILS--I CAN'T MOVE!

ARE YOU GUYS CRAZY?

MY GUN'S HELD--LIKE IN A VISE!

GO AHEAD AND SHOOT ALL YOU WANT TO!

THE MAGICIAN GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY---

TO BE CONTINUED



# VETERANS OF THE SPLENDID SEVENTH



VETERAN OF LAST WAR, Bdr. H. Williams (right), aged 43, said good-bye to friends in the Seventh Division last week when he received his discharge. He intends to join the Merchant Navy.



MILITARY MEDALLIST Sgt. Bob Forsyth received his decoration for bravery in Syria. He enlisted at 20, was married during his recent leave.



A RUSSIAN DECORATION, the Order of Patriotic Warfare, First-Class, was recently awarded to this captain, who was a University student when he enlisted.

## Empire's first airborne division looks back on four years of war

When the Seventh Division marched in Sydney citizens were able to pay their first public tribute to men who have earned glory in three campaigns—Syria, Papua, and New Guinea.

Because of the war situation there could be no official welcome when they returned from the Middle East, but the deeds of the Seventh, like those of the Sixth and Ninth, have long since brought them fame.

NAMES like Cutler, Gordon, Kingsbury, and Kelliher, all winners of the V.O.; the parachute landing of men of a field regiment who had made only one practice jump or who had never jumped before; the record march through the Markham and Ramu Valleys of the troops who were the Empire's first fully airborne division when they landed in Lae; the incredible hardships of the crossing of the Owen Stanleys, and the battles of Kokoda and Buna are part of their deathless story.

"They have done everything they were asked to do," is the tribute Major-General Vassy paid to the men when they came back from their leave in four capitals.

The jungle greens that the men wear tell their own tale of long and hard service. They are faded to every imaginable shade of green, "guaranteed to match any kind of foliage," say the boys.

These faded clothes tell, too, of the cleanliness of Australian troops.

Brigadier K. W. Eather said: "No matter how hard the conditions, how weary Australian soldiers are, they try to keep clean and smart. Wherever they came on running water in New Guinea they seized the opportunity to wash in it and wash their clothes."

As with other divisions, many of the Seventh's officers have risen from the ranks during this war.

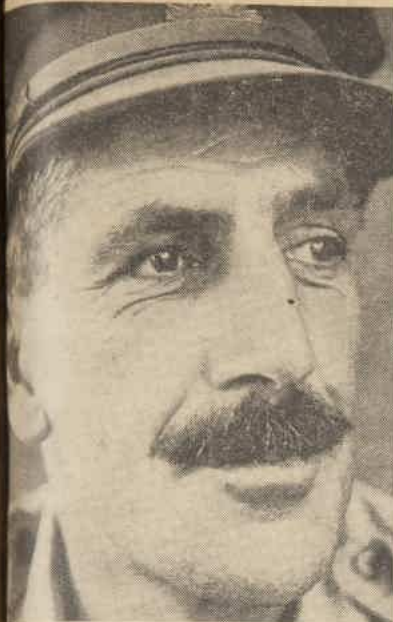
One notable instance is that of a lieutenant-colonel, an Englishman, who enlisted as a private in Western Australia, and received his commission aboard the ship going to the Middle East. He became a company commander in Syria, and is now a battalion commander.

Tall and lean, this officer looks like a traditional British Army officer. His boys are proud of him, and they tell the story that in the Ramu Valley his brigadier said:



MEN OF THE SEVENTH DIVISION, who marched in Sydney last week. Marches of the Seventh are being held in every State. It was the public's first opportunity to pay tribute to this division, which, formed in 1940, has earned its laurels in Syria, Papua, and New Guinea. It is only a few weeks since its troops were fighting the Japanese in the Finisterres.





ENGLISH LIEUTENANT-COLONEL of the 7th Division, who enlisted as a private in Western Australia. He commands an infantry battalion of the Seventh.



BRIGADIER K. W. EATHER, who led the formation which took Lae, commanded the march in Sydney. He left Australia in command of the 2/1st Battalion.



G.O.C. DIVISION, Major-General George Vasey. He assumed command of the division during the Papuan campaign.

...battalion wished to be relieved. "Thank you, sir," he answered, "I had seen my wife only for seven and a half days in three and a half years," he said.

"Best break of the war was when I got leave to replace a gunner in a merchant ship at Milne Bay.

"There I was, up to my knees in mud, and they say to me: 'Do you know anything about an eerlikon gun? They've lost a gunner from a ship in the bay. Would you like a trip to Sydney?'

"Could you beat it? A few days' buckshee leave in Sydney!"

Gunner Allan Hansen remembers most vividly of all his regiment's experiences its first night at Milne Bay, when a Japanese cruiser turned its searchlights on the Australian positions and shelled them mercilessly. Gunner Robert Cole, of Kingsgrove, thought perhaps Buna was quite the worst time.

Gunner Reg Fleming, of Maroubra, married, with two sons aged 14 and 8, is still coping with the trials of war. His two sons demand information, not only about the artillery, but about all branches of the Army.

"Keeping the boys on their feet" was the main concern of Corporal Dave Pride, of Mascot, an original member of the division, who was in charge of a regimental aid post in the Lae-Finisterre campaign.

"Mostly we dealt with feet. We had to keep the boys marching," the corporal said. "Blisters, tinea, eternally wet boots gave the boys continual foot trouble."

Three men who count themselves lucky because they are all still classed "A," though they were wounded are Sgt. Jack Rossiter, former member of Civil Life Saving Club, Pte. Rupert Nichols, and Pte. Alfred ("Bluey") Nelson.

At Myola a bullet cut through Sgt. Rossiter's tin hat. It grazed a sharp dip right across his scalp and sent him to hospital for a month. But the scar is now hidden by the sergeant's thick, black, curly hair.

Pte. Nichols, who was a butcher at Riverstone Meat Works, thinks his job has given him a good strong

pair of lungs. In the first attack on Gona he was wounded in the right leg, and shot through the right lung, but after five months in hospital he was back with his unit.

Red-headed "Bluey" Nelson, a West Wyalong baker, has among the freckles on his left arm a big scar, result of a hit from "a bit of shrapnel" in Syria.

Pte. Paddy O'Grady, one of sixteen children—ten boys and six girls, of whom three boys are in the Army—is described as one of the most valuable men in the unit.

Small and like, Paddy's height enables him to "creep in under the barrage," according to the captain. He was "bobbing up everywhere" in the battle at Edwards when the battalion took the position before going into Lae.

One of seven

ANOTHER family man is Pte. E. P. Trapman, former vegetable salesman in Sydney Markets, who has been married for seventeen years and has three children. Of seven brothers in the Services, one is a prisoner of war in Germany, and another was taken prisoner in Malaya.

Pte. Joe O'Connor, five feet four, a newspaper clerk from Wagga, is the baby of his unit. He enlisted when he was nineteen, and has had two years in the division.

Lance-Bdr. Coote, from Crow's Nest, was awarded the Military Medal after his regiment took part in the triumphant defence of Milne Bay.

Another Military Medalist is Staff-Sgt. Miller, of the 4th Field Ambulance. He was in the last war from "start to finish" in Gallipoli and France, and is an original member of the Seventh Division in this war.

"The fighting on from Lae was a route march compared with the Owen Stanleys," said Cpl. Doug Whyte, former woolclasser, who enlisted when he was twenty.

Corporal Whyte has just become engaged, by letter, to Miss Gwen Merrill, of Derbyshire, England. He met her when his battalion was

stationed in England before joining the division in the Middle East.

The cooks, like the rest of the division, have earned the tribute that "they have done everything they have been asked."

Sergeant Jim Stanwyck's story is typical.

"At Mersa Matruh we cooked on the beach in Soyer stoves," he said.

"In Syria we worked out in the open like everyone else, and for three weeks our kitchen was part of an olive grove.

"Then we moved into the Italian hospital, where we cooked for nearly 300 in the unit and an average of 400 patients in a kitchen as good as any you'd find.

"Once over the Owen Stanleys we cooked in mobile cookers and did our best to vary the old bully beef.

"In the Lae campaign we cooked in anything from apple-drum to kerosene tins till our stoves caught up with us."

On the way to Lae, Private J. Beecroft, a cook with another battalion, obtained unofficial permission to go into action, and served with a platoon through as far as Dimpu in the Ramu Valley.

One of the favorite wisecracks of the division was passed on by W.O. Harry Ringwood, who estimates that he has killed 27 Japs himself.

"How long will the war last?" he asks. Countered with the same question he answers: "Well, we figure it doesn't matter much, we're that used to it by now."



COOK Sgt. Jim Stanwyck, of Annandale, for four years with a field ambulance unit.

### Land signal line

...saying one-and-a-half miles of signal line up a steep side of a mountain he got "a bit of a belt from artillery." The line had to be laid to an observation post, and more than a hundred yards Sgt. Smith had to make his way up the steep vertical side of the mountain to the view of the enemy.

Pte. B. Sgt. Forsyth was married during his leave to Miss Kath at Northbridge.

For the four years with the division, Bombardier H. Williams, of Kent, aged 43, has received his discharge and is going to sea again with the Merchant Navy.

"Life at sea is cleaner and tidier than in the Army," he said. "Also, when you're at sea, there is always something doing."

Bombardier Williams served in the Royal Navy in the last war on the Belgian coast in Russia, and the Dardanelles.

Between wars he has been in the Merchant Navy.

Bombardier Williams was



POLISHING THEIR BAYONETS. Bdr. Les Hayes and Gnr. L. K. Hughes. —Pictures by War Photographer JACK RICKSON.



STILL "A" CLASS, though all were wounded. Pte. Alfred ("Bluey") Nelson (left), Sgt. Jack Rossiter, and Pte. Rupert Nichols.



FOREIGN MEMBERS, Pte. H. Brook (left), German refugee; Pte. A. Gauci, a Maltese; and (front), Pte. L. Papoutsakis, a Greek, who has two brothers in the Army.



# Y

OU'RE looking very smart yourself," Rick conceded, thinking that Alethea was pretty if you liked her dark-haired, pert-nosed type.

Amidst all this, Meg suggested that Rick clear up his work immediately and that Alethea get her rehearsing done while Meg and Mark Thomas rode out to the farm and bought some eggs.

Rick settled down to unravelling his calculations and suppositions and had just got in the mood for work when Albert began to throw a ball against the side of the house.

Rick arose, pushed back his eyeshade, and looked out.

"Go somewhere else," he told Albert.

Albert objected. "Aunt Meg told me to play in the sun."

"There's sun over half the world at this moment."

Albert retired moodily. Rick went back to his desk and Albert began to throw the ball a few feet farther down the wall. Rick rose again to plead for mercy when he suddenly became aware of Alethea singing in a lilting soprano in the living-room. He stopped and listened, fascinated.

"Try Toasted Whipples,"

There's nothing quite so crispy

For breakfast, lunches, and for

suppers.

For babies, children, growing-

uppers.

Oh, try Toasted Whipples."

Alethea cleared her throat and

plunged ahead.

"Toasted Whipples are the thing.

Roses to your cheeks they'll bring.

Pep and strength and zest and zing

Whipples give you everything.

So-o-o-o try Toasted Whipples."

"Good heavens!" whispered Rick

as she started the opus over again.

He sat in a horrified silence listen-

ing to the tenth repetition. Albert

threw the ball, missed his aim, and

sent it through the dining-room

window. There was a tinkling of

glass.

Rick looked out. Albert was back-

ing away.

"Don't bother throwing the ball

back, Uncle Rick," said Albert with

constrained politeness. "I don't feel

like playing any more."

## Buggy Ride

Continued from page 3

Rick put his head in his hands and held on to his temper. And in the living-room Alethea repeated her repulsively intriguing little song. Finally Rick went outside and fell asleep in the hammock.

Albert woke him. "Uncle Rick! Uncle Rick!" Albert yelled at about an inch from Rick's ear. "Tower's come home alone!"

Rick tumbled out of the hammock. As he raced toward the garage he had an agonizing vision of Meg lying white and crumpled in a roadside ditch. He was certain that Tower had run away and thrown his passengers. Tower was standing by the front kerb, meditatively chewing at a young cornstalk.

"Try Toasted Whipples," sang Alethea cheerily from the living-room.

Rick piled into the car, which he kept supplied with petrol, despite Tower, and sped to the countryside, his heart in his throat. Four miles out he saw Meg and Mark strolling along the road swinging a small basket of eggs between them and looking like something off an Easter greeting card. Meg waved.

"How about a lift, Mister?" she called.

The sudden recognition of her living presence unnerved Rick completely. "You're all in one piece?" he said.

"Shouldn't I be? Oh, darling, Tower fulfilled that promise and went home by himself. He must be familiar with this route. Mark and I were still dicker about the eggs and we turned round and Tower had gone home."

Rick went limp with reaction after his fright. The contrast between the mad dash to rescue them and their leisurely stroll homeward struck him forcibly. There he was, disturbed in the midst of his important work. And there was Alethea warbling out her tonals for her career—and here on the road were his wife and his friend a-Maying over the countryside.

"Albert broke the dining-room window," he informed Meg nastily.

"Well, to coin a phrase, 'boys will

be boys,'" Meg said blandly, and dropped the subject.

Alethea had abandoned for the while her musical future, and was awaiting them, with Albert, on the porch. Her anxiety was veiled with nonchalance.

"Did you get the eggs?" she said thinly.

Mark was worried. "Of course. You weren't worried about the eggs, were you? Or about me?"

"No," said Alethea shortly.

"That's fine," said Mark. "Then you go back to your practising, and Rick, you take up where you left off. Meg and I will rustle up the dinner."

"Go on, darling," Meg urged Rick. "Go back to work. And you too, Alethea."

Rick retreated and sat in the study listening to the gay laughter coming from the kitchen—and wondering.

Dinner was an extension of the growing camaraderie between Mark and Meg. It seemed to Rick the most interminable and unpleasant dinner he had ever sat through. At last it was over and, to his amazement, he found himself once again pushed aside.

"Mark and I will wash up," said Meg virtuously. "You and Alethea finish your work."

"I've done enough," said Alethea, sullenly.

"No, you haven't. You crack on that high 'C'." Go on," said Mark, "practice makes perfect, and so on."

"All right, but only until eight o'clock," said Alethea.

At eight o'clock Alethea rapped at Rick's door.

"They're not in the house," she said.

Rick found only Albert on the premises. Albert was squatted in front of the open refrigerator.

"I'm hungry again," said Albert, who should have been in bed. "Aunt Meg said I was to take a glass of milk. Oh, I forgot, Aunt Meg said, I was to tell you they went out to look at the stars."

"They what?" said Alethea a bit shilly. "Did you hear that, Rick? Your wife and my—my—sister are looking at the stars!"

Rick didn't like the way her dark eyes had narrowed, but he was forced to admit to himself that neither did he feel terribly jolly about Meg's disappearance.

"How about a game of chess?" he suggested suddenly.

"Uncle Rick," said Albert, "can I have a piece of pie to go with the milk?"

"Eat the whole lot for all I care," mumbled Rick, setting up the chess board.

Chess had probably never been played before with so little interest on the part of the players. Every half-hour the clock in the hallway struck demoralizingly, and at 11 o'clock Alethea arose, swept the pieces to the floor with an irate hand, and departed upstairs in a silent thundercloud.

Lying in bed, stiff and sore, he heard Meg and Mark come into the house. He began preparing his little speech to be delivered more in sorrow than in anger. In it he would express his griefed surprise that a wife of his could act with so little kindness and discretion; he would tell her that it was not he himself he cared about, but Alethea. He would imply that she had broken his faith in her. He would charge her with neglecting Albert—a neat thought. He wanted her to suffer.

Meg came into the room, humming. "Why aren't you asleep, darling?" she said casually.

For a moment he was so startled at her wifely casualness that he said nothing. Meg sat down at her dressing-table and began to brush her hair.

"I hope it doesn't rain for our picnic to-morrow," Meg said conversationally.

Rick found his tongue. He spluttered. The noble and hurt speech eluded him. "I hope it pours!" he said.

Meg stared at him. "What a childish thing to say, Rick! Are you angry at something?"

"Angry! Who, me? Why should I be angry? My wife and my friend disappear into a dark night and break my sister's heart, not to mention causing me some uneasiness. I'm not angry. It's the most natural thing in the world to go star-gazing with the male half of a visiting couple, isn't it to leave one's sister and husband and nephew thinking all sorts of things..."

Meg's lips set strangely. "Go on,"

she said quietly, "you were thinking all sorts of things?"

Rick tried with difficulty to recall the speech, but the best he could do was deliver an assortment of strange and undignified sounds.

"Rick," said Meg with a curious calm that froze him, "if you were thinking the things I think you were thinking you are not the husband I thought you were. I expected you to understand what I was trying to do, but instead you act like a jealous boy."

"Haven't you a word in your own defence?" he said, trying to be fair.

"My defence? Rick, if you can't see what I was trying to do, I'm not going to explain..."

There was a rap at the door. Rick went rigid. "Meg!" he bellowed. "Are you expecting company here, too?"

"I'll never forgive you for that last crack," said Meg, going to the door. Albert stood outside, holding his stomach, his eyes tearful.

"I hurt," said Albert.

Meg dropped to her knees before him.

"Uncle Rick told me to eat the whole pie," said Albert by way of explanation.

Rick turned his face to the wall and clenched his teeth. He heard Meg crouch softly to Albert and then lead him away to minister to his ailment. He lay still a while, revamping a more coherent argument against Meg's return, and then to his great astonishment he fell asleep.

A brighter sun never shone on four abused hearts than the one which lit up the surly breakfast party. Alethea had her bags packed and rather ostentatiously placed in the hall, and was sitting at the table not even pretending to eat. Meg served them with unnecessary clatter, and Mark, looking in a puzzled way every once in a while at Alethea, ate mechanically because it was a habit. Albert was in bed, a wan-faced victim of Rick's spleen. Nobody was speaking to anybody.

Alethea arose first. "If you're quite finished, Rick, I'd like you to drive me to the station."

"I'm going, too," said Mark.

"Not with me," said Alethea.

Meg was cool. "You're acting like babies, all of you. But if you insist, I'll drive Mark in the buggy and Rick can drive you in the car."

Albert had come downstairs while Rick had been in the garage harnessing Tower.

"I came down for the picnic," said Albert. "Are we going to have hot dogs?"

"The four ignored him. They stood about in an aggrieved, embarrassed group. Meg looked worried."

"I think," she said tentatively, "that for adults we're acting like a bunch of dopes."

"You may be," said Alethea, "but I'm not."

"I'm not, either," said Rick.

"Well, that leaves Meg and me," said Mark. "Come on, Meg, I'll stow my luggage in the buggy. We'll start out first because it'll take us longer."

"Can I go?" said Albert. "And why aren't we having a picnic?"

"No," Rick said. "And because."

"Don't speak to him that way, darling," began Meg automatically. She stopped abruptly and looked down at Albert. She took Albert's hand and walked off with him into the kitchen. Albert came back with a handful of cookies and an assuaged expression on his face.

Alethea and Rick stood on the porch watching Mark put his luggage in the buggy.

"There's the man who couldn't wait to marry me," Alethea remarked bitterly.

"Well," said Rick, "if he's a philanderer, you don't want him."

He never philandered before he met your wife," Alethea pointed out.

"My wife never was tempted to philander before," said Rick shortly.

"It's funny how you can love a man for a long time and then it's over, just like that," Alethea snapped her finger.

Albert nuzzled up against Rick. "To-day's not the twenty-fourth of May, is it?" he asked.

"Can I pretend it is?" said Albert.

"Aunt Meg asked me to ask you if I can pretend it's the twenty-fourth of May."

"Go ahead, pretend. Pretend your head off."

"Okay," said Albert stepping forward. He raised his right arm and with a shout of wild happiness flung a small object toward the buggy. The object exploded with an ear-splitting crack.

Tower's sensitive nerves re-

## MISSING

Where are you now, who knew no swift delight  
Of homing wings above familiar fields?  
Who went unhesitant into the night,  
Strong in the faith that righteous duty yields  
To every man of honor and fidelity.

Do strange seas shroud you; or some alien sod  
Be richer by the dust your life bequeaths?  
Or do you dwell in peace, beloved of God,  
Upon the wind-born heights, where Valor breathes  
Into her sons the breath of immortality?

This be your epitaph, this simple truth—  
"To freedom born, for freedom died to live  
In peace with honor." And behold, all youth  
In age will tell your history, and give  
A laurel evergreen to wreath your memory.

EEENA LORRAINE.

sponded instantly. In a mad leap forward he dashed down the street. Rick saw Meg hanging on to the reins with all her frail might, and Mark Thomas was trying to stand up and grab them from her. They careened round a corner and disappeared.

"Oh!" said Alethea.

"That was some loud fire-cracker," Albert shrieked.

Rick was paralysed with fright for a moment until Alethea gave him a violent shove. "Get in the car!" she screamed. "Hurry up. He'll be killed!"

Rick raced her down the path. "I was thinking of Meg!" he yelled.

They caught up with Tower, because Tower had abruptly stopped after entangling the buggy shafts round a tree. Meg was still sitting in the buggy. Her eyes looked glazed. Mark Thomas was stretched out in the green grass, a smile on his sleeping face.

"He's dead!" said Alethea. "Look at him, Rick! He's dead. My darling is dead. Oh, talk to me, Mark. Talk to me! I love you so. I'll do anything you ask me to—even marry you to-day. Only say something."

"Will you marry me?" said Mark, opening his eyes.

"Everything is forgiven," Meg said hollowly, from her perch on the wrecked buggy.

"You forgive me?" Rick said. "You forgive me for the way you behaved?"

"Haven't you realised yet that I was trying to make Alethea anxious?"

"You were trying to make Alethea anxious?" he said, still hot. "Didn't you give me a thought?"

"Of course I did. But I thought you, being my husband, would be bright enough to understand without my drawing you a map."

"Well, that's fine," he assured her rather faintly. "You had everything figured out so well that if Albert hadn't thrown that fire-cracker..."

He stopped and fire shone in his eyes. "Why, that brat!" he exclaimed.

"That unmitigated brat! He might have killed you!"

He broke into a lope toward the house. Albert was still admiring a remnant of the explosion. He caught sight of Rick's face and made a bee-line toward the back of the house. Rick pursued him and caught him. Rick raised his good right arm and felt his soul untie itself from the knot it was in.

In time, before Albert had a chance for his first astounded yell, Meg burst upon them.

"Don't punish him, darling, he's not our child," she panted.

"That's no longer a reason. He might have killed you."

"Rick," said Meg earnestly, "You can't hit him, because he's not ours. And besides," she toyed modestly with her skirt hem. "I told him to throw that fire-cracker." She rose daintily, stepped away, and said: "I was just figuring things out. Rick, take that look off your face!"

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

LIBRARY OF THE AIR presents  
Richard Llewellyn's

HOW  
GREEN  
WAS MY  
VALLEY

THOSE WHO READ THE  
BOOK..... WILL WELCOME  
THE RADIO DRAMATISATION  
OF THIS EPIC STORY.....

8 P.M. Thurs. 2GB

Lasting  
Loveliness

Australia's finest string players feature popular classics, and the most beautiful of the modern numbers.

SAT. 2GB 7-15 P.M.



# Film Reviews

## ★★★ FLESH AND FANTASY

BASED on three inter-related stories of the supernatural, which delve into the deepest fears, passions, and hopes of man, this film is an original and fascinating entertainment.

The idea was contrived by Charles Boyer and Julien Duvivier, who combine to produce and direct, and, in Boyer's case, also act in this film.

The first episode deals with a bitter and homely girl, Betty Field, whose face is transformed to beauty when she falls in love with Robert Cummings on carnival night.

The second, and by far the most dramatic, incident presents Edward G. Robinson as a man who brings about his own doom when compelled to fulfil a prophecy by fortune-teller Thomas Mitchell.

Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck are starred in the final episode, which features Boyer as a circus high-wire performer who loses his nerve after a frightening dream. When he meets Barbara, the woman of his dream, his confidence is restored.

The picture has been made with a minute care for detail, and the three stories are dramatically built up to suspense.

The photography and Alexander Tansman's brilliant music score contribute greatly to the subtly mysterious atmosphere.—State; showing.

## ★★ HOSTAGES

PRESENTING attractive newcomer, Arturo de Cordova, with Luce Rainer making a long-awaited comeback, popular William Bendix, and a supporting cast headed by Academy Award winners Katina Paxinou and Paul Lukas, this film should have been infinitely more entertaining.

The story, based on Stefan Heym's best-seller about the Czech underground movement, lacks the originality necessary to make good screen material, and in spite of the line-up of stars Paramount's miscasting is unforgivable.

The main thread of the story revolves round a group of hostages held by the Nazis after the death of one of their soldiers. By this plan the Germans hope to relieve Oscar Hemolka of his fortune.

Most of the action centres on William Bendix, underground leader, hopelessly out of character in such a role, and with a regrettable tendency to lapse into Brooklyn dialect.

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars — below average.

dendency to lapse into Brooklyn dialect.

Luce Rainer as Hemolka's daughter, de Cordova as underground worker, and Gestapo chief Paul Lukas comprise the other main links in this indecisive drama. — Capitol and Cameo; showing.

## ZEROS

came clashing up from the bottom, as Mac knew they would. He yelled, "Come in eight you little gorillas!"

One Zero ducked out at the side and went off at a crazy angle. A nice shot. He sent his tracers after it and it cracked up in the air.

Bombardier Petrey was yelling his head off, "Got him with two bombs! Got all the rest left for the carrier! Let's go over the horizon!" Then Pete began singing, "Let's fly over the rainbow, way up high! ... What say, Red? Let's take on the carrier!"

"Okay," Red said. "Hang on to your hat. We take the carrier next."

They headed for the horizon where the Zeros had come from. Time for a little more reading. He straightened the crumpled sheets in his hand and read on:

"Maybe you didn't know you got a letter to Nikki, whoever she is, mixed with mine and addressed it to me by mistake. I suppose Nikki got the letter meant for me. Well, if you wrote the same things to me that time that you did to Nikki, that is certainly a letter I missed. You never said things like that to me. You must know Nikki awfully well."

Joe Tarchec cracked into the interphone, "Zeros coming on the tail again! Zeros gaining!"

Chick Reynolds said from his cockpit seat in the office, "They must know now we're going after the carrier."

"Pilot to navigator."

"Navigator to pilot: Go ahead."

"What are our chances of beating them to the carrier?"

"My guess is 'about even,' the navigator said.



AFTER SEVEN MONTHS IN ENGLAND, Captain Clark Gable, of U.S. Army Air Corps, reports to his superior officer in Hollywood. He will edit 50,000 feet of combat film he brought back with him, to be used in training fliers.

## Letter From Mary

Continued from page 5

Red opened the engine wide and Dumbo moved ahead in a surge of power.

Mac grumbled, "That's the time that old Lady Luck sure stepped right in my face. But how could I explain to Mary that Nikki was just a thrill? Anyway, I couldn't write the stuff to Mary that I'd write to Nikki."

He looked back out of the waist opening and tried to see the Zeros coming. He could see them easily and without trouble. They were almost in range and gaining. And he saw something else—one of the bombers was going down into the convoy in flame and smoke.

The boys in the office were exclaiming. Mac could see a red glow with a puff of smoke from his window. It was along the horizon where the carrier should be. The carrier was burning.

"The Seventy-ninth dive-bombers must have got her," Red Stum said very calmly. "Mighty pretty, that. Pilot to bombardier: Lay your eggs now. We're going home."

Zeros behind opened up. Tracer ribbons fluttered up through the cabin and out of the roof. Tracer smoke slashed by the window. It didn't give Mac time to read that next paragraph. He swung his gun savagely, plenty sore at one woman and at all Japs. He sent a burst after one Zero flashing by, and then another one came and he thought he had got that one, but wasn't sure. There came a lull while Dumbo turned back.

This might be his last chance to read the rest of the letter, for he knew Red Stum was right when he said, "Those Japspe haven't got any place to roost, so they're going to try and take us with them to the devil!"

Mac read: "And I noticed that you always seemed to prefer blondes to brunettes. Well, get this straight. You're one man I never will bleach my hair for, so there. Is Nikki a blonde? I suppose so."

A wild yammering started behind as they straightened out and headed for home. Mac swung his gun, but saw nothing.

Chick Reynolds was calling from the office, "Red's hit! I'm taking over! ... Pete, get Red off the controls!"

Dumbo was diving for Davy Jones' locker. Down! Down! "I'll get him," Pete Petrey came back out of the meathouse, and then something else caught in the interphone as the bomber's nose came up again.

"Got ... me." That was all there was. Mac spun round and looked aft. He saw the figure of Joe Tarchec slumped back at the tail guns. And if they ever needed a tail gunner, it was now.

"Who's hit back there?" asked Reynolds on the interphone. Everybody tried to answer at once.

"I'll take the tail guns," Mac said. He was already moving back.

"Good boy," Chick said. "Take over while there's something to take."

Something struck Dumbo's tail and the bomber shuddered. Dumbo shuddered as if she had a chill.

Mac got Joe out of the seat. There was blood on Joe's head. He might be dead. No time to find out now.

A Zero, large and ugly, dived past the tail, and missed. Another came in, power-diving for the tail guns blazing.

"So you won't marry me?" Mac yelled. "Okay! Don't marry me! Think you're making me mad? I'm not mad! I'm nuts!"

Zeros kept coming in their suicidal dives. The guns were blistering hot, but he kept on firing. He sent out his voice to mingle with the bedlam of battle. "Certainly Nikki's a blonde! Did you think that little old Mac was the boy to leave any blondes feeling neglected? Not me!"

There were suddenly no Zeros attacking. He hadn't counted or tried to keep track of any that seemed hit. He had tried to act as a discouraging influence against them.

He had time to sneak another look at the letter while he let his gun cool and prayed angrily for more Japs. He read: "And don't think I've forgotten that last date we had. I thought it was our date. But you came over and spent the whole evening talking to that brother of mine about aerial radio."

His hands on the letter were sticky, and it was blood. Joe Tarchec's blood. He looked back and saw that Jim Winters, the navigator, was working over Joe during the lull. Mac tried to wipe off the blood on his pants, but his hand came up with more blood. His own. Now that there was time, he felt a dull pain in his leg.

Chick yelled in the interphone. "Here comes another swarm!"

Mac crumpled the letter and raised his tail guns.

"Looks like maybe the last wave," Chick said, trying to be reassuring. "Let 'em come," Mac said. "You send 'em. I'll chop."

Crazy women with their reasons. What did they want—some chap who wasn't human? She should marry Wilbur!

The last wave of the Zeros slashed in, and glass and metal splintered before Mac. A sharp pain stabbed his left shoulder, then the feeling was gone. Now one leg and one arm numb and limp. He leaned back like a damp rag and raised the letter in his good hand.

Mary said, "Of course, it was nice of you to talk to Tom. I can't feel too angry with you about that. And about that letter to Nikki. Now that I think it over, I wouldn't trade my letters from you for ones like Nikki's. And I did have a nice time dancing with that marine the night you danced so much with Marjorie Spencer at the armory and—"

"Pilot to radio!"

Mac roused himself. "Radio to pilot: Go ahead!"

"We'll be coming in soon," Chick said. "Give the report and tell them we're landing. Ask for an ambulance."

Mac's "Roger" was weak. He was losing blood. He crawled along Dumbo's belly until Jim Winters reached him and helped him to his chair before the radio desk.

He was weak, but his mind was clear. He called the base and then read the last of the letter. "And although it gets lonely without even Wilbur to go round with, I realise Wilbur Prince is pretty much of a drip and I'm glad you saved me from him."

"I think the main reason I'm going to marry you is that I don't want you to come back to anyone else but me and besides, I love you. I love you and will marry you whenever you can get time off, darling. You may fire when ready, sergeant, as they say. All my love, Mary."

The base was singing into his headphones. Automatically he flicked off his message: "Target sunk. Returning. Reserve ambulance space for two. ... No, make it three. And she loves me!"

## Interesting People

### SISTER J. MCPHEE

... Anzio beachhead

FIRST nurse ashore at Anzio beachhead was Australian Sister Jessie McPhee, of Sunshine, Victoria, sister-in-charge of initial group of nurses to land and set up a mobile casualty clearing station. Has worked continuously ever since within range of fiercest fighting. Attached to Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service, she has served with Eighth Army from El Alamein to Tripoli. Formerly matron, Maryborough (Q.).



### S/LDR. D. W. MCCORMACK

... Churchill's Own

IN command of one of R.A.F.'s most famous fighter squadrons—Churchill's Own—is 26-year-old

Victorian Squadron-Leader David W. McCormack, D.F.C. and Bar. At present operating on Burma front, squadron has Britain's P.M. as honorary Air Commodore. Squadron Leader McCormack, who specialises in low-level attacks, took part in raid on the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau. He joined squadron after training in Canada.

### LIEUT. MARGARET DALE

... "Guide, philosopher, friend"

"DUTY of supervisory personnel is to be guide, philosopher, and friend to Awas and Aamws—the helping hand rather than the heavy hand of justice," says Lieut. Margaret Dale. She is first officer in charge of Victorian supervisory personnel, Australian Women's Army Service, recently appointed to ensure that high standard of discipline and behaviour of service is maintained.



Then things swam and went out. Familiar voices of the crew members were sounding off about him. Captain Red Stum bellowed, "I tell you, the guy is nuts! All he does is lie there and say, 'She loves me! She loves me!'"

Mac mustered his strength. He'd open his eyes and he would say to the crew in general and to bellowing Red Stum in particular, "Listen, you guys. It was all because of a letter. I couldn't get my mind on my work. If you'll let me stay with Dumbo, I'll be okay now. I'll be the best radioman in the Air Force."

But he didn't seem able to make a sound or even open his eyes. He lay still, weakly, and heard the voice of Joe Tarchec, "Read this, captain, sir. It's quite a letter, sir."

Chick Reynolds said, "We're going to see that Mac gets cited for the job he did, eh, Red?"

Mac opened his eyes. He was in the field hospital, and in the next cot lay Red Stum, reading Mary's letter, and from the cot beyond Red, Joe Tarchec, with head bandaged, said, "I think Mac would appreciate time off to get married more than a medal, sir."

Mac closed his eyes before anyone would see he was conscious.

Red finished the letter and said, "Sure, Mac'll get a medal and furlough, both—that is, if he'll take a rain check to work Dumbo's radio shack and handle her guns when he gets back to duty."

So Mac went back to sleep. He was doing well for himself by just keeping his eyes closed and his mouth shut.

(Copyright)

## "How Green Was My Valley" as serial

Richard Llewellyn's story of a Welsh village, "How Green Was My Valley," has been adapted as a radio serial and is being broadcast in 45-minute episodes from 2GB on Thursdays at 8 p.m. as successor to "Rebecca."

THE book, which has been translated into four languages and was made into a splendid film, is now included in the "Library of the Air" series of dramatisations of famous novels.

To tell the story of a simple mining family, Llewellyn has made Haw Morgan, youngest of the family, retrace his life, and in doing so he reveals the reactions of the Morgan family to the mine disasters and economic problems which come to disturb the life of the once peaceful and prosperous valley.

It is a psychological study, showing the effect of events on each individual in the family group, and is therefore excellent material for a radio play.

The characters are all the more interesting, as the novelist claims to have founded each person and each incident on fact. He weaves his story, rich with humor and sombre with tragedy, round such problems as might arise in any mining community.

Haw Morgan sees in retrospect his kindly parents, Gwyllim and Beth Morgan, whose deep understanding and philosophy help them to cope with so many problems.

These two set the standard of unwavering loyalty, self-sacrifice, and unbreakable spirit, which are needed to conquer want and hunger when the whole valley suffers economic disaster.

The Morgan family includes lovely Angharad, headstrong and tempestuous; Davey, who is the dared-of of the story; the oldest son, Ivor, and his wife, Bronwen, whose beauty and charm have captivated the Morgans.

Huw himself is shown as frail, young, shy, and highly impressionable, responding with almost painful intensity to the interplay of the feelings of those about him.

Among the artists in this serial are Richard Parry, Phillip Edgeley, Alina Grahame, Lesley Pope, Edgar Yardley, John Aiden, John O'Malley, Phillip Bray, Thelma Scott, and Richard Ashley.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

- WEDNESDAY, April 19: Rev. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
- THURSDAY, April 20 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goudie Reeve presents "All Three in Favor."
- FRIDAY, April 21: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goudie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
- SATURDAY, April 22: Goudie Reeve presents "A 6 to 10 competition."
- SUNDAY, April 23 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
- MONDAY, April 24: Goudie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
- TUESDAY, April 25: "Musical Alphabet."





STEPHANIE SCOTT (right) with Mrs. J. McNamara selects wedding gown for marriage with Captain John Flood Nagle, A.I.F., on April 29.



SYDNEY CUP DAY. Joan Peacock and Third-Officer Joan Wynn Roberts, W.R.A.N.S., who is on leave from duties in Brisbane, attend Randwick together. Joan Peacock plans marriage to Lieutenant George Christmas on his next leave from New Guinea.



KEEN PUNTERS. Major Ken Mackay, A.I.F., and Mrs. Mackay, of Dungog, enthusiastically watching Sydney Cup, run at Randwick on Easter Monday. Phil returns to country home to look after six-month-old baby daughter, Margaret.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Private Ivan Dutton, A.I.F., and bride, former Ruth Hall, of "Hillside," Eumungerie, with bridesmaids, Elizabeth Dutton (left) and Kath Hall (right), leaving All Saints' Church, Hunter's Hill. Bride is youngest daughter of Mr. V. B. Hall, of Eumungerie, and late Mrs. Hall.



CANBERRA VISITORS. Acting Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, Mr. Kenneth Noble, and Mrs. Noble (left), with Miss Jean McKenzie, official secretary to New Zealand High Commissioner, view Women in War Work Exhibition at McDowell's.



GRAZIER WEDS. Mr. Robert Hall, of "Hillside," Eumungerie, and his bride, former Frona Mann, of Lockinvar, Laurel Hill, cutting their wedding cake at reception at Vere Mathews, King Street, after wedding at St. James'. Frona wears wedding gown which Bob's sister, Ruth, wore three days earlier when she married Ivan Dutton.

## On and Off Duty.

**MEMBERS** of Sugar Rationing Department, who have adopted crew and ground staff of "S for Sugar," R.A.A.F. Lancaster bomber, have surprise visit from Mrs. W. F. Sears, of Kogarah, whose son, Wing-Commander Jack Sears, D.F.C., named bomber.

Mrs. Sears took with her photographs of "S for Sugar" with members of crew standing beside it.

"We've already sent off three-page airgraph letter with personal message and signature from each girl on our staff," Mrs. Eileen Purley, officer-in-charge of sugar rationing for N.S.W., tells me.

Mrs. Purley adds that girls are now collecting magazines and books, which will be sent off with parcels of food and comforts to airmen.

**TOSS** coin to see whether I'll attend rodeo or Randwick races on Easter Saturday. Rodeo wins, so off I trek to Sydney Showground. Nostalgia for old Easter Show days when I enter gates and find showground like ghost town, with all pavilions closed. Once inside stand I jostle with other 19,999 people who also attend. Olimpie Kath Menzies, trim and slim in uniform worn by drivers for American Army. Kath tells me she drives General Rilea, in charge of Base 7, who gives her afternoon off to attend rodeo. Kath has recent news from fiancé, Flight-Lieutenant "Snow" Swift, D.F.C., who is again on active service overseas after recent leave in Sydney.

**HONEYMOONING** at Brunswick Heads, Queensland, are Signalman Reg Fetherston, of Sydney, and his Queensland bride, former Sergeant Patricia Benfield, A.A.M.W.S.



CAPTAINS MARRY. Captain John Wittus, A.I.F., and his bride, Captain Nancy Park, A.A.N.S., leaving chapel of Sydney Church of England Grammar School, North Sydney, by car. Couple met on board troopship in which they were returning to Australia after service in Middle East.

**STAFF-SERGEANT BEN BOYD** SCOBIE, A.I.F., who marries Jeanette Kennett Wood at St. Philip's, Church Hill, has seen service in England, Middle East—he was one of Tobruk Rats—and Lue, Finschhafen, Salamaua campaigns in New Guinea.

Bride is eldest daughter of Mr. H. W. K. Wood, of Hunter's Hill, and late Mrs. Wood, and bridegroom is second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Scobie, of Hunter's Hill.

**DATES** for your diary: R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund Younger Set's Pirates Revel, to be held at White City on April 22. Proceeds will provide wireless sets for airmen on operational outposts.

Fantasy of Red Riding Hood, to be presented by Madame Mihalovska and her dancers, at Conservatorium on April 23. Performance will benefit Moore Park Kindergarten Building Fund.



LIEUTENANT BILL PETTIS, U.S. Army, and bride, former Josephine Loneragan (right), leaving St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, Bill, who was Professor of Mathematics at Harvard University, is attended by Lieutenant Frank Burrows, U.S. Army, and Josephine's sister, Philomena, is bridesmaid.

**MILITARY** duties will prevent Lieutenant Barbara Pinlay, A.A.M.W.S., from visiting Brisbane when school friend, Rosalie Chandler, and fiancé, Lieutenant Alfred R. Kreimer, U.S.A., are married next month.

Both Barbara and another ex-Freshman girl, Sheila Mackay, are stationed at 114th A.G.H. Barbara spends few days' Easter leave with parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Pinlay, of Drummoyne.

**ROUND** of Easter gaiety for Captain Tom Bateman, A.A.M.C., on long leave from New Guinea, and Mrs. Bateman. Two-year-old Edmund remembers his daddy, and baby Rosalind soon gets used to father's jungle-green uniform, and is fascinated with Tom's moustache, which he grew while away. Tom and Beatrice now settled into new home at Cremorne.

**ACHIEVING** almost impossible. Ponty Spicer and Bob Mackay manage to keep their wedding plans complete secret. Popular couple marry at St. James', King Street, on Easter Saturday. Ponty is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Spicer, of Camyr Allyn, Scotch. She and Bob, who recently received discharge from A.I.F., will make future home at Bob's property, Tabbil Creek, Dungog, after honeymoon spent in Sydney.

**ENGLISH** nurses arriving in Colombo immediately ask for copies of our Australian Women's Weekly. This news was brought from Colombo by Gladys Collins, Australian Red Cross worker there. "English nurses are allowed out of uniform when on leave," Gladys tells me. "They choose all the styles for their dresses from the Weekly," she says.

Gladys, by the way, is affectionately termed "Harbor Gladys" by hundreds of sick servicemen whom she has visited in hospital ships and in hospital there.

Joyce



# Handknit jumpers for everyday living

• The smart, efficient-looking garment shown right is for office or shopping wear; the other enhancing and entrancing affair is scheduled for lightsome hours of leisure. Make them—they'll certainly do you credit.

## BUSINESS GIRL'S JUMPER

**MATERIALS.**—3 skeins (short sleeves), 4 skeins (long sleeves). "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof or "Sunbeam" Super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 2 skeins (short sleeves), 3 skeins (long sleeves), No. 2138 (red), and No. 2111 (green); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12, 3 small buttons, 1 crochet hook.

**Measurements.**—Length from top of shoulder, 19½ ins. Bust, 32-34 ins. Length of sleeve seam, 5 ins.

**Abbreviations.**—K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; w, white; r, red; g, green; d.c., double crochet.

**Tension.**—7 sts., 1 in. 9 rows, 1 in.

### BACK

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, commencing at the side seam, cast on 16 sts.

1st Row: K (working into back of cast-on sts.).

2nd Row: P to end, cast on 8 sts. Using r wool, repeat 1st and 2nd rows.

3rd Row: Using w wool, k.

4th Row: Using w wool, p twice into 1st st., p to end, cast on 8 sts.

5th Row: Using g wool, k to last st., k twice into last st.

6th Row: Using g wool, p twice into 1st st., p to end, cast on 8 sts.

Using w wool, repeat 7th and 8th rows.

11th Row: Using r wool, k.

12th Row: Using r wool, p twice into 1st st., p to end, cast on 8 sts.

13th Row: Using w wool, k.

14th Row: Using w wool, p twice into 1st st., p to end. Using g wool, repeat 13th and 14th rows. Using w wool, repeat 13th and 14th rows. Using r wool, repeat 13th and 14th rows.

21st Row: Using w wool, k to end, cast on 10 sts.

22nd Row: P. Using g wool, work 2 rows, st-st. Continue in st-st., working 2 rows w, 2 rows r, 2 rows w, and 2 rows g alternately until work measures 14 ins. from commencement, ending with 2 rows g.

Commence second armhole as follows:

1st Row: Using w wool, k.

2nd Row: Using w wool, cast off 10 sts., p to end.

3rd Row: Using r wool, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: Using r wool, p. Using w wool, repeat 3rd and 4th rows. Using g wool, repeat 3rd and 4th rows. Using w wool, repeat 3rd and 4th rows.

11th Row: Using r wool, cast off 8 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

12th Row: Using r wool, p.

13th Row: Using w wool, cast off 8 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

14th Row: Using w wool, p 2 tog.



## For business girls

This garment suggests bright efficiency. It is beautifully styled. Easy to knit. Make it for yourself.

p to end. Using g wool, repeat 13th and 14th rows.

17th Row: Using w wool, cast off 8 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

18th Row: Using w wool, p.

19th Row: Using r wool, cast off 8 sts., k to end.

20th Row: Using r wool, p.

Using w wool repeat 19th and 20th rows. Cast off.

### YOKE (BACK)

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, cast on 88 sts. Work in st-st., working 2 rows w, 2 rows r, 2 rows w and 2 rows g alternately. When work measures 5 ins., shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off. Sew on to back.

### BASQUE

Using No. 12 needles and w wool, with right side of work towards you, pick up and k 96 sts. along lower edge of back. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3 ins., working 3 rows of each color alternately. (Always k or p the 1st row when joining a different color). Cast off in ribbing.

### FRONT

Work the bodice the same as for back.

### YOKE (FRONT)

(Two pieces)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 46 sts. Work in pattern for 3 ins., cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next p row (neck edge). K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. When work measures 5 ins., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Work the second piece

of yoke to correspond, working shapings at opposite ends and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1 ins. from lower edge, and 2 more 1 in. apart.

### BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k to end.

2nd Row: P to last 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 2. Sew yoke on to front, lapping the buttonhole side over the other. Work basque as for back.

### SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, cast on 68 sts. Work in pattern for 1 ins., then increase 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5 ins., k 2 tog. each end of every second row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

### LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, cast on 48 sts. Work in pattern for 3 ins., then increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19 ins., k 2 tog. each end of every second row until decreased to 38 sts. Cast off.

### SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, cast on 24 sts. Work 24 rows st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes, sew in shoulder-pads. Sew buttons on left front, work 1 row of d.c. around neck, front opening and sleeves.



## Tyrolean jumper

It seems almost incredible that knitting needles plus a few strands of embroidery cotton could capture the charm of miniature Tyrolean dancers. But here you are. It's a lovely garment. Directions for making on page 23.

Instructions for making Tyrolean jumper on page 23





### A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe agent up to 14 years.

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## Consider your winter topcoat . . .

EVEN though you are still cherishing your summer tan and shivering stubbornly in linens, one of these mornings you will wake up and find it really cold. Then you'll be glad you have planned ahead for your topcoat.

By  
PEG  
McCARTNEY



• There is fashion importance at the back of this dashing red-and-green plaid coat. Designer Muriel Bellamy has cleverly pleated the back into the waist and shoulder yoke. The front is tailored trimly.



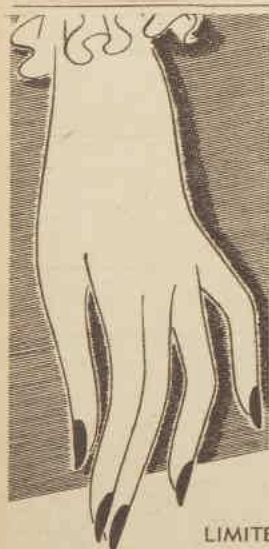
• Fluffy, sky-blue blanket fabric is used for this casual Windsmoor coat with a youthful Peter Pan collar, raglan shoulder-line and wide, comfortable bell sleeves.



• Dorville's three-piece ensemble is interpreted in green-and-grey herringbone tweed. The suit is beautifully tailored and willow-slim to provide a perfect foil for the swing, raglan-style topcoat.

# British Chief

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There is no longer any need to regard winter coats as drab, bungly affairs. They are blossoming out in a light-hearted array of styles and magic colors as flattering as fresh flowers.

The new season's coats are designed to enhance your personality as cleverly as a spring hat.

If you're the dramatic type, a hectic plaid coat, made like the one on this page, will be positive balm for your spirits—or, perhaps, if you are very young and gay, a daring all-red Chesterfield, with minute black velvet collar to introduce a slight touch of sobriety.

If such flippancies are not for you, pin your faith on the more conservative tailored tweeds—those perennial favorites.

If your budget (and your ration book) will stand the strain, fling caution to the winds and have a superb three-piece ensemble. It really isn't an extravagance, because skirt, jacket, and topcoat can be miraculously reassembled to team up with the rest of your wardrobe.

Maybe you have a yen for dreamy pastels and ultra-feminine togs—then it is my guess you are going to fall in love with the new casual coats made in a cuddly sort of wool fabric, and in a range of heart-melting pastels.



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THE STUFF  
TO

RELIEVE

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Gay, pretty, youthful...

# TYROLEAN JUMPER

● Here are given the easy-to-follow directions for making this jumper, which is illustrated in color on page 21.

**MATERIALS:** Seven ounces Patons' Super Scotch Fingering Wool, 3-ply (blue); small quantities of the same wool in black, dark fawn, blue, red, yellow, and green; a pair each Nos. 9, 10, 11 knitting needles; four skeins stranded cotton one each red, black, blue, and yellow; pads for shoulders; medium-sized crochet hook.

**Measurements.**—To fit size 34-36 inch bust. Length from top of shoulder, 19 inches. Sleeve seam, 3 inches.

**Tension.**—Nine stitches to 1 inch over rib worked on No. 9 needles, 10 stitches to 1 inch over stocking-stitch yoke worked on No. 11 needles.

**Abbreviations.**—P, pale blue; b, black; bl, blue; r, red; y, yellow; d, dark fawn; g, green.

## BACK

With No. 11 needles and pale blue, cast on 120 sts. and work 3 in. in k 1, p 1 rib, then change to No. 10 needles for another inch. Now change to No. 9 needles and continue in rib, increasing at each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 142 sts. on needle.

Work straight until back measures 12 in., then shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of every alternate row until 120 remain.

Here start yoke; Change to No. 11 needles.

**Next Row:** Knit.  
**Next Row:** Purl. Continue in st-st., introducing the figures thus (N.B.: As you finish one pair of figures, break off 12 in. lengths of wools and join them in again when you start the next pair. Weave in colors carefully at back of figures.)

## FIRST ROW OF FIGURES

**1st Row:** \* k 21 p, 2 b, 1 p, 2 b, 4 p, 2 b, repeat from \* to last 24 sts., k 24 p.

**2nd Row:** P 24 p, \* 1 b, 6 p, 1 b, 1 p, 1 b, 22 p, repeat from \* to end.

**3rd Row:** K 20 p, \* 7 r, 3 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 3 bl, 2 b, 15 p, repeat from \* to last 4 sts., 4 p.

**4th Row:** P 19 p, \* 1 b, 1 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 3 p, 7 r, 15 p, repeat from \* to last 5 sts., 5 p.

**5th Row:** K 21 p, \* 5 r, 4 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 3 sts., 3 p.

**6th Row:** P 22 p, \* 3 bl, 6 p, 3 r, 20 p, repeat from \* to last 2 sts., 2 p.

**7th Row:** K 19 p, \* 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 3 p, 1 y, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 5 sts., 5 p.

**8th Row:** P 22 p, \* 3 y, 1 p, 1 y, 2 p, 1 g, 1 p, 3 g, 1 p, 1 g, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 2 sts., 2 p.

**9th Row:** K 21 p, \* 5 g, 4 p, 6 y, 17 p, repeat from \* to last 3 sts., 3 p.

**10th Row:** P 19 p, \* 1 y, 3 p, 1 d, 8 p, 1 d, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 5 sts., 5 p.

**11th Row:** K 22 p, \* 3 d, 6 p, 3 d, 2 p, 1 y, 17 p, repeat from \* to last 2 sts., 2 p.

**12th Row:** P 21 p, \* 5 g, 4 p, 5 r, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 3 sts., 3 p.  
**13th Row:** K 22 p, \* 3 r, 6 p, 3 g, 20 p, repeat from \* to last 2 sts., 2 p.  
**14th Row:** Purl in pale blue.

## SECOND ROW OF FIGURES

**15th Row:** K 5 p, \* 2 b, 1 p, 2 b, 4 p, 2 b, 21 p, repeat from \* to last 19 sts., 2 b, 1 p, 2 b, 4 p, 2 b, 8 p.

**16th Row:** P 8 p, \* 1 b, 6 p, 1 b, 1 p, 1 b, 22 p, repeat from \* to last 16 sts., 1 b, 6 p, 1 b, 1 p, 1 b, 6 p.

**17th Row:** K 4 p, \* 7 r, 3 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 2 b, 15 p, repeat from \* to last 20 sts., 7 r, 3 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 2 b, 3 p.

**18th Row:** P 3 p, \* 1 b, 1 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 3 p, 7 r, 15 p, repeat from \* to last 21 sts., 1 b, 1 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 3 p, 7 r, 4 p.

**19th Row:** K 5 p, \* 5 r, 4 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 19 sts., 5 r, 4 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 5 p.

**20th Row:** P 6 p, \* 3 bl, 6 p, 3 r, 20 p, repeat from \* to last 18 sts., 3 bl, 6 p, 3 r, 6 p.

**21st Row:** K 3 p, \* 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 1 y, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 21 sts., 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 1 y, 3 p, 1 y, 7 p.

**22nd Row:** P 6 p, \* 3 y, 1 p, 1 y, 2 p, 1 g, 1 p, 3 g, 1 p, 1 g, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 18 sts., 3 y, 1 p, 1 y, 2 p, 1 g, 1 p, 3 g, 1 p, 1 g, 4 p.

**23rd Row:** K 5 p, \* 5 g, 4 p, 6 y, 17 p, repeat from \* to last 19 sts., 5 g, 4 p, 6 y, 4 p.

**24th Row:** P 3 p, \* 1 y, 3 p, 1 d, 8 p, 1 d, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 21 sts., 1 y, 3 p, 1 d, 8 p, 1 d, 7 p.

**25th Row:** K 6 p, \* 3 d, 6 p, 3 d, 2 p, 1 y, 17 p, repeat from \* to last 18 sts., 3 d, 6 p, 3 d, 2 p, 1 y, 3 p.

**26th Row:** P 5 p, \* 5 g, 4 p, 5 r, 18 p, repeat from \* to last 19 sts., 5 g, 4 p, 5 r, 5 p.

**27th Row:** K 6 p, \* 3 r, 6 p, 3 g, 20 p, repeat from \* to last 18 sts., 3 r, 6 p, 3 g, 6 p.

**28th Row:** Purl in pale blue.

## THIRD ROW OF FIGURES

As first, repeating rows 1-14 inclusive.

Now shape shoulders (in pale blue). Cast off 12 at beginning of next 2 rows.

**Next Row:** K 32, and leave on spare needle, cast off 32, k 32. Continue on last 32 sts. only.

**Next Row:** Cast off 12, p 20.

**Next Row:** Cast off 9, k 11. Cast off.

Return to sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

## FRONT

Work as for back to end of armhole shapings. Here start yoke; Change to No. 11 needles and work 2 rows st-st.

**1st Row of Figures:** As 2nd row in back.

**2nd Row of Figures:** As 1st.

Now introduce 3rd row of figures and at the same time start neck shaping.

**1st Row:** K 5 p, 2 b, 1 p, 2 b, 4 p, 2 b, 85 p, 2 b, 1 p, 2 b, 4 p, 2 b, 8 p.

**2nd Row:** P 6 p, 1 b, 6 p, 1 b, 1 p, 1 b, 25 p, turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

Continue on last 43 sts.  
**3rd Row:** Cast off 3, k 20 p, 7 r, 3 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 2 b, 8 p.

**4th Row:** P 3 p, 1 b, 1 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 3 p, 7 r, 20 p.

**5th Row:** K 2 tog, k 19 p, 5 r, 4 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 5 p.

**6th Row:** P 6 p, 3 bl, 6 p, 3 r, 19 p, p 2 tog, p.

**7th Row:** K 2 tog, 15 p, 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 1 y, 3 p, 1 y, 7 p.

**8th Row:** P 6 p, 3 y, 1 p, 1 y, 2 p, 1 g, 1 p, 3 g, 1 p, 1 g, 17 p.

**9th Row:** K 2 tog, k 16 p, 5 g, 4 p, 6 y, 4 p.

**10th Row:** P 3 p, 1 y, 3 p, 1 d, 8 p, 1 d, 19 p.

**11th Row:** K 2 tog, k 16 p, 3 d, 6 p, 3 d, 2 p, 1 y, 3 p.

**12th Row:** P 5 p, 5 g, 4 p, 5 r, 16 p.

**13th Row:** 17 p, 3 r, 6 p, 3 g, 6 p.

**14th Row:** Purl in pale blue.

**15th Row:** Knit in p.

**16th Row:** Cast off 12, purl to end.

**17th Row:** Knit. Repeat last 2 rows once.

**Next Row:** Knit. Cast off.

Return to stitches on spare needle. Slip centre 34 sts. on a safety-pin. Join wool to neck edge and work on remaining 43 sts. for left shoulder thus:—



A PICTURE like this cannot convey to you the gaiety and fleecy warmth of this lovely Tyrolean jumper. But see it on page 21. If you think that it suits your type, if you feel that it will give an uplift to your spirits on cold winter afternoons or evenings, do hurry and make it for yourself. Complete directions for making given on this page.

**1st Row:** P 27 p, 1 b, 6 p, 1 b, 1 p, 1 b, 6 p.

**2nd Row:** K 4 p, 7 r, 3 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 2 b, 22 p.

**3rd Row:** Cast off 3, p 19 p, 1 b, 1 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 3 p, 7 r, 4 p.

**4th Row:** K 5 p, 5 r, 4 p, 2 bl, 1 p, 2 bl, 19 p, k 2 tog, p.

**5th Row:** P 2 tog, p 19 p, 3 bl, 6 p, 3 r, 6 p.

**6th Row:** K 3 p, 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 3 p, 1 g, 1 y, 3 p, 1 y, 21 p.

**7th Row:** P 2 tog, p 18 p, 3 y, 1 p, 1 y, 2 p, 1 g, 1 p, 3 g, 1 p, 1 g, 4 p.

**8th Row:** K 5 p, 5 g, 4 p, 6 y, 17 p.

**9th Row:** P 2 tog, p 14 p, 1 y, 3 p, 1 d, 8 p, 1 d, 7 p.

**10th Row:** K 6 p, 3 d, 6 p, 3 d, 2 p, 1 y, 15 p.

**11th Row:** P 2 tog, p 15 p, 5 g, 4 p, 5 r, 5 p.

**12th Row:** K 6 p, 3 r, 6 p, 3 g, 17 p.

**13th Row:** Purl in p.

**14th Row:** Cast off 12, knit to end.

**15th Row:** Purl. Repeat from \* once. Cast off remaining sts.

## SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles and pale blue, cast on 90 sts. and work 1 in. in k 1, p 1 rib, then change to No. 10 needles for another inch. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in rib, increasing at each end of next, then every following 6th row until there are 100 stitches on needle. Work straight until sleeve measures 5 in.

Shape top by casting off 2 at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease at each end of every alternate row until 82 remain. Now decrease at each end of every 4th row until 60 remain. Cast off 5 at beginning of next 10 rows. Cast off.

## NECK RIBBING

**Back:** With No. 11 needles, pick up and knit 56 sts. along neck edge and work 7 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

**Front:** With No. 11 needles, pick up and knit 24 sts. down left shoulder, knit across 32 sts. on needle, pick up and knit 24 sts. up right shoulder. Work 7 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

## TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth. Join side, right shoulder and sleeve seams, and about 2 1/2 in. of left shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, gathering all fullness to tops. Sew in pads. Work a row of double crochet round shoulder opening and fasten with 2 press studs.

**Embroidery.**—Using the stranded cottons. **Face:** Work a stitch in red in centre of dark fawn stitch for mouth, then one in black in centre of 1st and 3rd dark fawn stitches for eyes. **Hats:** Work a row of



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are best

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## Facing up to the MEAT RATION

● Who gets the lion's share of meat in your home? Do you? ... The children, perhaps? ... No, just as I thought! ... It's father!

By MEDICO

I DON'T know how many times I've heard the keeper of the home say: "All I worry about is giving father a good meal, the kiddies and I can manage."

Now, is that right? Does father need some of the family's ration as well as his own?

I can see mother getting ready to reply that "father does a heavy day's work, and he must have a good meal to keep him going."

I agree. But, though heavy workers need more food in the total, they do not need more meat than light workers.

What father needs is large quantities of fuel foods like potatoes and wheatmeal bread.

They're not just stuffing either! We're inclined to forget the good old potato—until we can't get it, but it's a great food, supplies fuel, some bricks for building, and a vitamin for protection.

Meat is a good source of protein and is mainly a building food. Now father is already built, good nourishing food will keep him healthy and fit for work, but it won't alter him physically. Children, on the other hand, are growing, and they must have good bricks for solid foundations.

These foundations must be provided while the child's growing; they should be started about seven months before birth. No, this is not too early! Why, the six-year molar are formed and beginning to calcify at birth!

Of course, meat is only one of the building foods—cheese, eggs, fish, and milk are all builders.

If any of these foods are scarce, see that the children's needs are taken care of first. This applies especially to milk.

For not only is milk rich in protein, but it is valuable for its calcium—lime—and vitamin A.

In England milk is rationed, and first call on what there is goes to nursing and expectant mothers and children.

If you can't get enough fresh pasteurised milk for the children (1½ pints a day), remember that dried milk is almost as good in food value as liquid milk.

I haven't forgotten mother. I'm afraid she comes off very badly.

## This way for lush vegetables

● Some assert that they slave in their Victory gardens, but all they get in return are sparse crops, spindly vegetables. Our Home Gardener here tells you how to raise successful crops.

BECAUSE the food situation is apt to be no better during 1944 than it was last year, every block of land that is capable of improvement and culture should be put to work to produce the maximum quantity of fruit and vegetables.

Thus it behoves the Victory gardener, whether successful last year or not, to study his or her individual problem now, and prepare to do a good job.

One cause of many failures last year was improper or over-late preparation. Just as the early bird catches the worm, so the man or woman who rises early and sometimes works late is more likely to make a success of home vegetable culture.

Thorough preparation of the soil is necessary to produce successful crops. The purpose of turning up the soil and subjecting it to various treatments should be understood.

Spading or forking during autumn pulverises the soil particles and allows the entrance of air, which is so essential for making roots grow. As water enters well-drained soils the air spaces are filled, and as the water seeps through and drains out, fresh air is sucked in.

Thus a well-drained soil contains more air than a waterlogged, poorly drained area. Hence soil aeration is definitely related to drainage.

If your soil is sandy or very clayey, humus in some form must be added. Humus when added to clay soil will separate the fine particles and produce a crumbly structure which will admit more air and water. In the case of sandy soils, humus will keep them from drying out too rapidly, and provide food elements to the plants.

The humus or organic matter to use is varied. Stable manure provides the finest type of such material, and in heavy, tenacious soil, the more added the better.

Sandy soils are better for generous additions of cow or pig manures. Where soils are in good condition and of undoubted fertility, they will benefit considerably from the addition of a complete fertiliser.

The wartime formula of most complete artificial fertilisers is four parts of superphosphate and one part each of nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of potash. This should be used in good soil at the rate of 2oz. to the square yard.

If the gardener prefers it, this complete fertiliser can be applied by the third dimensional method—one part at sowing, one part when the plants are growing well, and the third part when the crops are filling out well and showing signs of the middle-aged spread.



LOOK at this happy picture of father, mother, and child. Do you think that the father takes the lion's share of the meat ration? Or do you think that mother and child get their rightful share? Judge for yourself!

Scrubbing the floors and shopping takes just as much out of her as standing at the bench takes out of father.

Her tissues need repairing, and she needs her share of meat, cheese, eggs, and milk. The expectant and nursing mother requires a quart of milk a day with potatoes, an egg, cheese, lettuce, her meat ration plus liver (ounce a week), wheatmeal bread, and fruit.

The greatest menace to the housewife is sweet tea, bread, and a scraping of butter five times a day off the corner of the kitchen table.



## She Keeps Fit

A clear skin and bright sparkling eyes are signs of radiant health. You, too, can keep healthy—free from constipation by taking Nyal Figsen. Chew one or two Figsen tablets before going to bed. In the morning Figsen acts gently yet thoroughly, without pain or discomfort. Figsen is sold only by qualified chemists. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

## Varicose Sores Banished

FLEXIBAR is a definite help in dispelling and cleaning up these old, troublesome Varicose Sores. These particular Sores can not only plague and torture you, but they drain your strength and vitality, and make you look old before your time. Then do something about them—NOW. Get a jar of FLEXIBAR Ointment today. Commence using it right away. You'll find that the soothing, healing Ti-tree Oil, that valuable germicide, will soon make itself felt, and in no time those Varicose Sores will be gone.

Now don't forget—FLEXIBAR Ointment at any Chemist or Store.

**FLEXIBAR**  
OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 275 Kent Street, Sydney, or 275 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

there is more than one way of

BALANCING

a diet



BUT THE PYREX WAY  
IS THE COMMONSENSE WAY!

To-day . . . when butchers chorus "Coupons, please!" . . . when vegetables are precious . . . and grocers' hills bite deeply into the family budget, it's no joke to be a housewife.

None of us disputes the necessity for sacrifices—but we still have to cope with healthy appetites! However, remember this: There'll be fewer headaches in your kitchen when you cook in Agee Pyrex. Pyrex-cookery extracts nourishment from every shred of meat, every ounce of vegetable. It transforms "left-overs" into succulent "balanced" meals . . . meals which tempt palates and build stamina.

Agee Pyrex takes the headaches out of wartime cooking; balances the budget as well as the meal; saves gas or electricity; simplifies your whole kitchen economy.

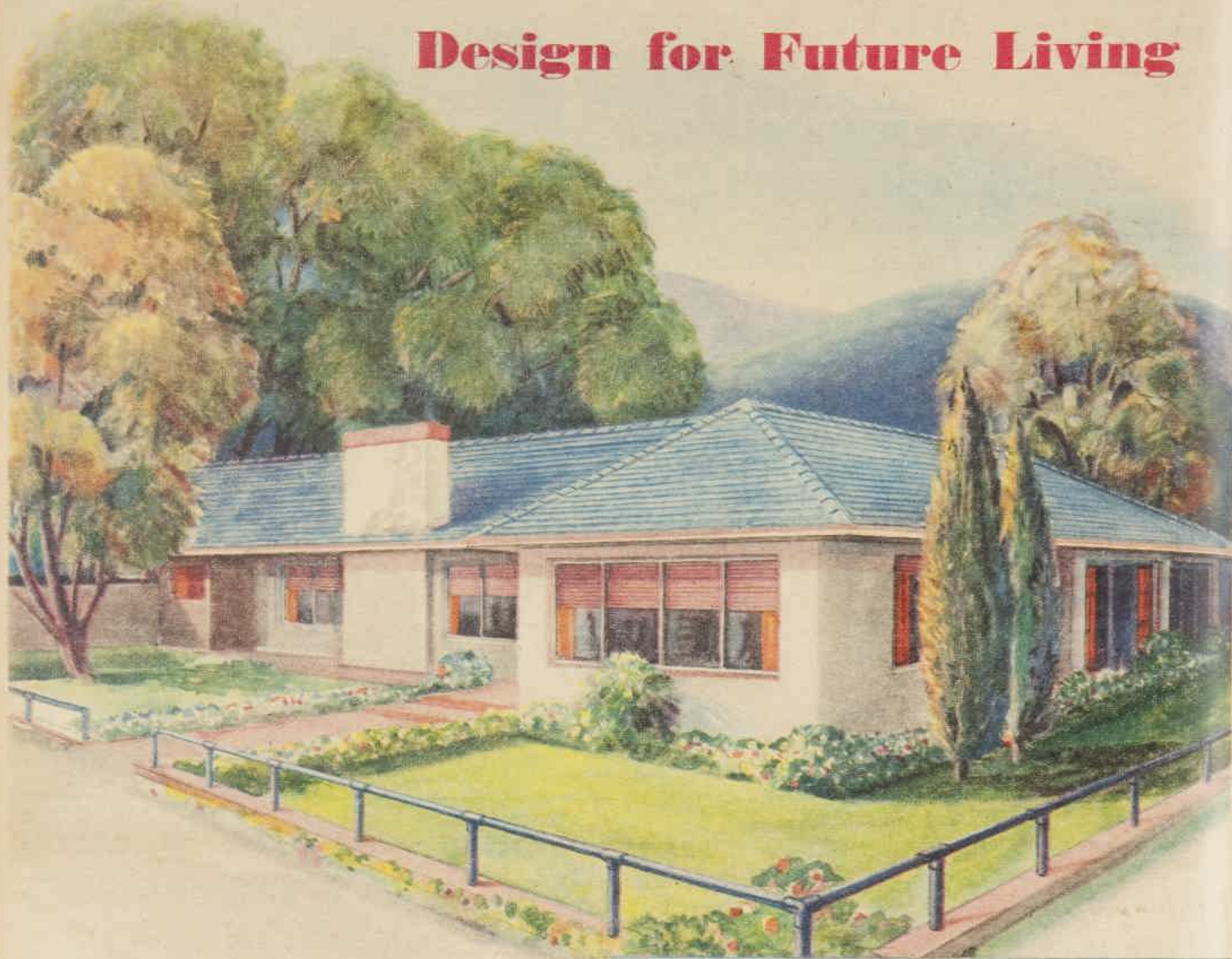


MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

Makers of vitally necessary disposables, laboratory and clinical glassware for use by the fighting forces.



## Design for Future Living



### A Preview of your Post-War Home!

Find us the man or woman in Australia to-day who isn't dreaming and planning a home for 'after the war'.

But let us give you a more concrete picture of what that 'miracle' home is going to be like. It will have underpinnings of new electrical servants and labor-saving devices. You will enjoy luxuries and comforts not known even in the millionaire's home to-day.

No longer will our homes be all alike as two peas. Architects will design them especially for the families who will live in them.

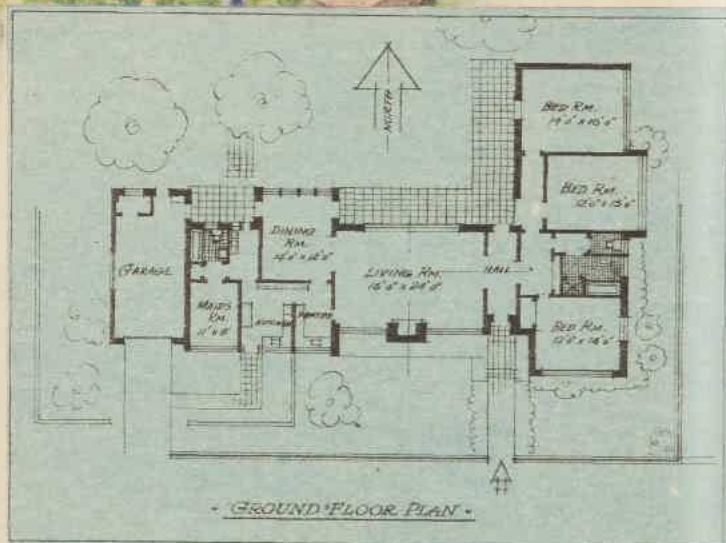
Your post-war home will be planned to save work... to let in air and sunlight, and, to look beautiful.

Many new materials will be used in its construction, equipment and furnishings. Steel tubing will be one of these. It is cheap, strong, fireproof and vermin proof.

For visible interior work, Steel Tubing lends itself admirably to plating and other decorative effects.

And of course it will still be used to bring your water, gas and other essential services; and also to fence your property.

Ownership of the 'miracle' post-war home will be remarkably easy. War Bonds purchased to-day will be used as a down payment... weekly payments will be so low as to be within reach of the lowest wage earner.



The advanced plan shown here comes from a leading Sydney architect, and will give you some idea of what a typical Australian post-war home will be like. Its design is so beautifully simple and dignified that the method of construction will be years ahead of that used before the war.

Stewarts and Lloyds' big job to-day is the making of munitions of war and piping for the Armed Services and for other essential purposes. But already extensive plans are under way for the better to-morrow that lies beyond the Victory we're all helping to win.

## Stewarts and Lloyds

(Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

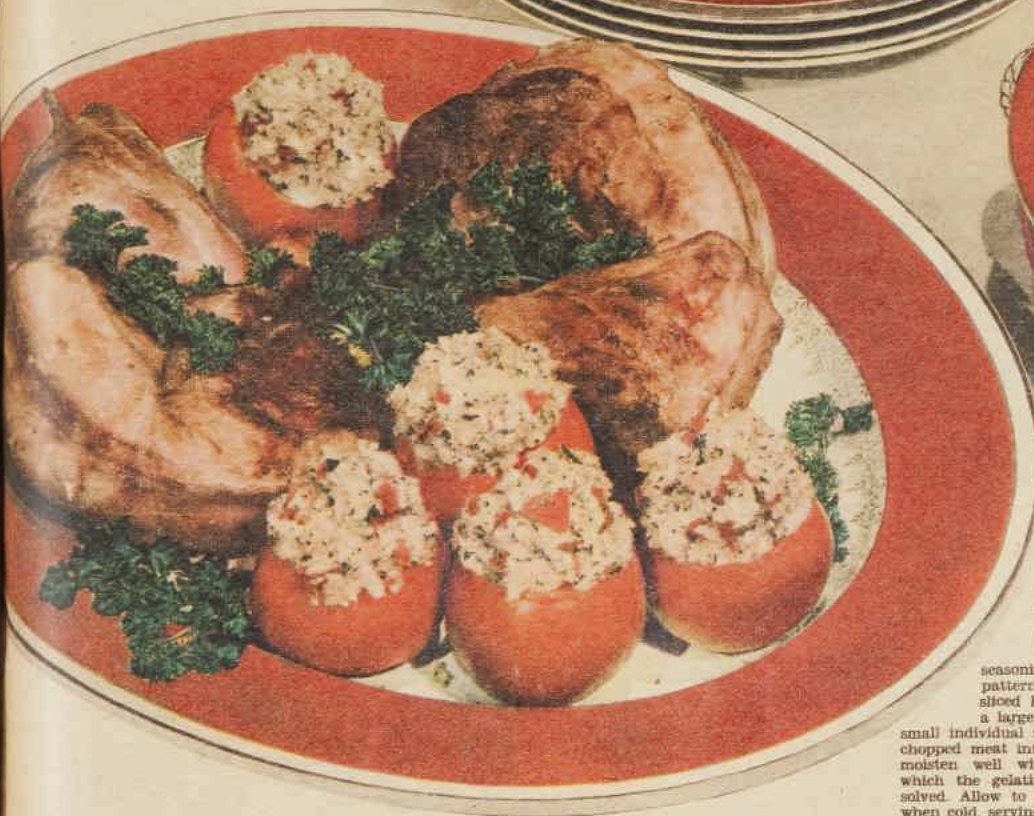
Sydney, Newcastle, Melbourne, Perth and Brisbane



Any way you like 'em...

# RABBIT DISHES

By OLWEN FRANCIS, Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



● Rabbit meat is good food whether baked, cooked en casserole, served as a fricassee, pie, or in any way as suggested here.

WITH some of us our very familiarity with the rabbit leads to culinary contempt. But... epicures find it as delicate to the palate as a tender bird. It is worthy of a place in the weekly menu.

The flesh should be pink and sweet to smell. Soaking in salted water (1 tablespoon salt to 1 quart water) for one hour removes the wild game taste, and thorough washing in vinegar water (1 tablespoon vinegar to 1 pint water) is recommended.

The sage and onion seasoning, partner of the roast duck, pairs well with the rabbit flavor, and tart apple sauce is a fine accompaniment.

## BAKED RABBIT

(Serve piping hot with bread sauce, bacon rolls—when available—tomatoes, baked potatoes, and pumpkin or greens. Treacle tart can be cooked in the same oven.)

Dress, clean, wash, and dry rabbit. Season inside with salt, and fill with stuffing. Skewer or sew and truss, drawing legs close to body. Brush with bacon or beef dripping, season with pepper and salt, and place on side in baking-dish with dripping. Bake, uncovered, in moderately slow oven (325 deg. F. to 350 deg. F.) for about 1½ hours, basting several times and turning rabbit when half done. A final basting with spiced honey

gives a delicious brown crust to the rabbit. One rabbit is sufficient for four to six serves.

Suggested stuffings: Sage and onion bread seasoning; veal seasoning as used for chicken; sausage-meat and bread seasoning; an onion stuffing with crumbs, boiled onions, herbs, spice, and apple puree; a sweet corn and breadcrumb seasoning; a stuffing of mashed potatoes and chopped onion seasoned with grated cheese; a bread seasoning flavored with chopped bacon.

## RABBIT CUTLETS

(Vegetable cream soup to preface this dish, tomato and onion sauce with cutlets, minted potatoes and greens. Steamed orange puddings as a satisfying sweet on this menu.)

Two cups minced, cooked rabbit meat, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon powdered sage, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 egg, little milk, soft breadcrumbs.

Cook the rabbit by steaming for 1½ hours in a lidded pan, with a small quantity of water, sliced onion, and a small bunch of herbs. Allow to become cold, and strip meat from bones. Combine minced meat, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, sage, and onion. Bind with a little beaten egg and milk, or use white sauce or gravy for binding. Shape into cutlets, brush with egg and milk, and coat with breadcrumbs. Fry in fuming fat until golden brown. For four.

## RABBIT SALMI

(Steaming hot from the casserole with flaky whole potatoes and green beans. A bland sweet to follow, such as custard tart or an orange sponge pudding.)

One rabbit, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 small piece of garlic, 2 or 3 tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, good pinch mixed spice, 1 clove, small piece of bay leaf (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery leaves, 1 cup chopped celery (or less), 2 to 3 cups water or stock, pepper and salt.

Wash rabbit, soak in salted water, and then cut into joints, cutting legs at body and at second joint, splitting down centre back, through breast and cutting each half in two. Brown rabbit in hot fat. Remove, add flour to fat, and brown well. Add vinegar, sugar, chopped garlic, chopped tomatoes, sauce, spice, clove, bay leaf, celery leaves, celery, and water. Bring to boil. Pour into casserole. Add rabbit. Cover and cook in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) about 1½ hours. For four.

## RABBIT BRAWN

(A clear, hot broth, a salad platter with brawn, potato salad, celery, and grated carrot, hot apple gingerbread... a good week-end meal.)

One rabbit, 1 bacon bone, 1 onion, 1 small bunch herbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 to 3 cups water, gelatine, hard-boiled egg, chopped parsley.

Wash, soak, and joint rabbit. Place in pan with bacon bone or bacon rind, sliced onion, herbs, salt, and water. Cover and simmer gently for 1½ hours. Allow to cool, and then strip meat from bone and chop finely.

## RABBIT IN CASSEROLE WITH VEGETABLE AND ORANGE SAUCE

(A crisp, green salad gives color to this menu. A caramel bread custard can be cooked with the casserole.)

One rabbit, 2 turnips, 2 carrots, 1 swede, 1 shallot, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons dripping, 1½ tablespoons flour, 3 cups water, 1 cup cooked haricot beans (if available) or 1 cup green peas, 2 oranges, chopped parsley.

Wash and joint rabbit. Fry until brown in hot fat and remove pan. Add cubed turnips, carrots, swede and chopped shallot. Sprinkle with sugar and salt, and fry lightly. Add flour and water. Pour into casserole. Add rabbit and simmer in slow oven (325 deg. to 350 deg. F.) for about one hour. Add the beans or peas. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, juice of half orange, and remainder of orange, sliced. Simmer a further 30 minutes. Serve steaming hot sprinkled with parsley. When bacon is available, top with crisp bacon rolls. For four.

## SPICED RABBIT FRICASSEE

(Try on the same menu a good, old-fashioned apple tart with cheese and hot coffee.)

One rabbit, 2 or 3 onions, small bunch of fresh herbs, 1 clove, piece of bay leaf, pinch of mixed spice, 1½ pints stock or water, 1 pint milk, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 chopped, seeded red pepper (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Wash, soak, and joint rabbit. Place in casserole or stewpan with sliced onions, herbs, spice, salt and water. Cover and cook slowly for about 1 hour. Remove from oven

A FINE ROAST DINNER... baked rabbits with a crackling honey glaze, stuffed tomatoes, flaky browned potatoes, and moist, well-seasoned roast pumpkin... the treacle tart has a deep filling of spiced crumbs and treacle in crisp pastry case.

Strain the rabbit stock; dissolve 1 teaspoon gelatine in each cup of stock and correct seasoning to taste. Set a pattern of parsley and sliced hard-boiled egg in a large greased mould or small individual moulds. Pack the chopped meat into the mould, and moisten well with the stock, in which the gelatine has been dissolved. Allow to set, and turn out when cold, serving with salad.

or fire, pour off half liquid, and remove bunch of herbs. Add milk and flour blended to a thin paste. Bring gently to the boil, stirring if in stewpan. Add parboiled and chopped red pepper and parsley, correct seasoning to taste, and serve piping hot. For four.

## INDIAN RABBIT

(Creamed spaghetti is delectable with this sharp curry. Follow with golden brown banana fritters.)

One rabbit, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 2 to 3 cups water or stock, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon hot chutney or p'm sauce, 2 tablespoons raisins or sultanas, 1 or 2 cloves (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 small onions, 1 lemon, chopped parsley, cayenne pepper.

Wash, soak, and joint rabbit. Brown in hot fat, add flour, brown, add curry powder, water, chopped apple, chutney, raisins, vinegar, sugar, and salt. Pour into casserole. Add four small onions. Cover and cook in slow oven (325 deg. F.) for about 1½ hours. Serve piping hot, with lemon wedges, dusted with cayenne. Add a liberal top garnish of chopped parsley. For four.

## RABBIT PIE

(Another week-end special. Serve hot or cold with salad greens. Fruit soufflé and coffee also on the menu.)

Two small rabbits, 2 onions, 2 cloves (may be omitted), small bunch herbs, water, pepper and salt, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups diced potato, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon (if available), 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 6oz. flaky pastry.

Wash and joint rabbits. Cook with sliced onion, herbs, 3 cups water, and pepper and salt in a lidded pan for 45 minutes. Remove rabbits from pan and place in piedish in seasoned layers with sliced apple, diced potato, bacon, and parsley. Brown flour in fat, add 2 cups rabbit stock, bring to boil. Pour into piedish. Cover with pastry. Decorate and glaze with milk. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 15 minutes.

Continued on page 28

## CITY TYPIST TURNS HAYMAKER



HELLO, PAT! THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKING IN THE CITY.

IT WASN'T AN ESSENTIAL JOB SO I DECIDED TO PITCH IN HERE SINCE DAD NEEDS HELP.



GOSH, I'M READY TO DROP AND THE JENKINS BOY IS TAKING ME TO THE DANCE TONIGHT.

A WARM BATH WILL FRESHEN YOU UP (THINKS) AND THAT GUARDIAN WILL MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE!



MM...THIS GUARDIAN SOAP CERTAINLY MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD. WHAT A CLEAN HEALTHY TANG! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY.



LIFE IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES SEEMS TO GIVE YOU PLENTY OF ENERGY, PAT.

(THINKS) IT'S THAT GUARDIAN BATH THAT PUT THE STARCH BACK IN ME



## HOW TO RELIEVE INDIGESTION

ONE of the most serious results of the deficiency of Vitamin B in the modern diet is degeneration of the intestinal muscles. This leads to a condition of Chronic Indigestion.

By replacing the vitamins which modern food lacks, BEMAX recreates a condition in which healthy digestion is assured.

It has been proved that BEMAX, by rebuilding weak and flabby intestinal muscles, produces a condition in which ENERGY and FITNESS replace debility and depression.

No other food can do all that BEMAX does, because no other food is so rich in vitamins.

For Indigestion,  
Nerves, Debility,  
Loss of Appetite.

You're bound to benefit from  
**BEMAX**

The Highest Natural Vitamin Tonic Food

File 1/8 in from Chemists and Stores sends a sample. Write for Free Booklet, "Vitamin and Health" to B. Max (Dept. 031), P.O. Box 16708, Sydney.



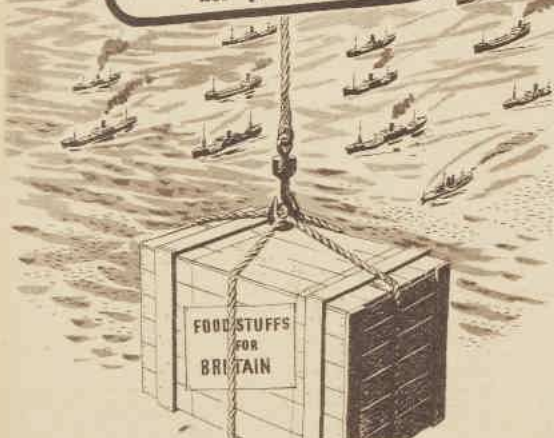
Remember  
the Days...

... when Cream of Tartar always gave dependable results in the baking of scones, cakes and pastry. Since the war it has been unobtainable, but you can anticipate its return as the superior 'raising' ingredient in baking powder and self-raising flour.



## ATLANTIC CHARTER

... Australia is playing her part NOW!



One aim of the Atlantic Charter is to secure "Freedom from Want."

The U-boat blockade brought Britain close to losing that freedom. Even now her food position remains always critical, the maintenance of her border-line rations dependent on a constant flow of supplies from outside



MARMALADE TIME IS COMING. Best citrus jam is made early in the season. Late season's fruit does not always measure up to standard. So forewarned is forearmed. Follow a reliable recipe and you'll make the most delicious marmalade or conserve.

## Readers win prizes for good recipes

Here you have the pick of the recipes from other homemakers. If you like this week's choice try them and send us yours!

FROM an avalanche of apple recipes, apple symphony and Old English apple jam were considered worthy of the first prize of £1.

The recipe for prawn nut rolls will appeal to all those who wonder "What-on-earth-can-I-give-them-for-supper?"

### TWO GOOD APPLE RECIPES

**Apple Symphony:** Thinly slice a pie dish with stewed apples and cover with pulp of 6 passionfruit, then layer of breadcrumbs. Beat 1 egg-yolk with 1 cup milk, sweeten and flavor to taste. Pour mixture on breadcrumbs. Bake in slow oven till custard is set, then add a layer of lemon cheese. Whip up white of egg stiffly, add tablespoon of sugar, pile on top of pudding, and return to oven till a golden brown. Serve with jelly or whipped cream, if any.

**Old English Apple Jam:** Six pounds apples, prepare 4lb. of them as for apple jelly (cut up without peeling), peel, core, and slice remaining 2lb. place in a basin of cold water, and cover with a plate to preserve the color. Put skins from these into a pan with the cut-up apples, cover with cold water. Boil to a pulp, then strain. Return juice to the pan, allow 1 cup sugar to 1 cup juice, and add extra 2lb. sugar for the 2lb.

peeled apples. Boil for 10 minutes, and then add peeled apples cut in very thin slices. The fruit has a tendency to rise, so must be pressed down with a wooden spoon. Continue boiling for 1 hour, or till the slices are transparent. This is nicer than apple jelly, and is a lovely red color.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. McIvor, 22 Reynell St., West Croydon, S.A.

### CRUMBLE CRUST PINEAPPLE PIE

**Crumble Crust:** 1½ cups fine crumbs (biscuit or cereal flakes), 1 cup icing sugar, 1 cup melted butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon fruit juice.

Place crumbs and icing sugar in a basin, mix in melted butter and fruit juice. Press into a greased pie plate. Set in ice-chest or refrigerator to firm.

**Filling:** 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons pineapple syrup, 2 cups pineapple cubes (which have been

cooked in little water), 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, yellow coloring.

Dissolve the gelatine in the pineapple syrup. Separate the eggs. Warm the milk. Add the well-beaten yolks. Cook slowly until custard thickness. Cool. Add gelatine. Allow to partly set. Beat the egg-whites briskly until stiff. Add sugar gradually. Beat until all the sugar is dissolved. Beat in the partly set custard mixture. Beat until light and fluffy. Fold in the pineapple cubes, leaving a few for garnishing. Pour the filling into pie-shell. Allow to set. Decorate the top of the pie with mock cream and pineapple.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Ulrick, Wide St., West Kempsey, N.S.W.

### PRAWN NUT ROLLS

(Delicious for afternoon teas or suppers.)

Shell 1 cup prawns, pound them to paste, and add 1 cup finely chopped salted nuts or peanut butter. Season with cayenne, blend with a little mayonnaise dressing, and spread on thin slices of buttered

brown bread from which crusts have been cut. Roll up, pile on plate, and garnish with parsley or chopped lettuce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Reryl Benson, 1a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

## CRAWLED UPSTAIRS ON HANDS AND KNEES

Surprising Recovery after All Hope Lost

Mrs. L. M. A. Wilson, of 47 Craighead Street, King's Cross, was unable to walk, and had to crawl up stairs on her hands and knees. She writes: "I would like to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from R.U.R. Up to six months ago I was not able to move without the aid of my stick at all, and you have my permission to use my name for advertising purposes, as I would be only too happy to know that someone else was deriving the same benefit that I did through taking your treatment."

**INTERNAL CLEANSER** R.U.R. cleans the body of poisons, acids, and wastes. These poisons and acids cause the unbearable pains of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, and sciatica. The dull eyes and muddy skin of liver troubles. The headaches and half-awake feeling of constipation. The unpleasant "Can't-eat-a-thing" feeling of indigestion and gastritis. R.U.R. helps all these disorders because it gently scratches every eliminative organ of the body, toning liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Get R.U.R. to-day, 4/- and 2/6 at chemists and stores everywhere.

TAKE R.U.R. AND RIGHT YOU ARE

## How to Relieve an Irritating Complaint

You can't mistake piles. You feel uneasy and fidgety, wondering how on earth to stop that irritation or bleeding.

Day and night piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel, and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases, surgical treatment even may be necessary.

Let DOAN'S Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic, and soothing. That's why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itching skin complaints. But be sure you get DOAN'S.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

## The Vanishing Trick!

Sandwiches spread with delicious GOODFOOD FRUIT CHUTNEY vanish as if by magic. From the first bite to the last mouthful, every child will thoroughly enjoy cut lunches flavoured with GOODFOOD FRUIT CHUTNEY.

Order a jar from your grocer to-day!



**GOODFOOD**  
Tasty FRUIT CHUTNEY

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 22, 1941

## Rabbit dishes

Continued from page 27

### YOUNG RABBIT BARBECUED

(Serve chilled tomato juice, browned potato slices, or sweet corn fritters and green salad. Coffee and cheese to finish.)

Dress and wash rabbit, soaking in salted water for one hour. Dry and score the back and legs with a sharp knife and season with salt, pepper, mustard (if available), and salad oil or melted fat. Let remain one hour and season and brush with fat again. Place under red-hot

griller or over red-hot coals. Grill, basting several times and turning frequently, for 20 to 25 minutes.

Instead of scoring and grilling whole the rabbit may be split down the centre back, spread open, and each side cut in half, as for grilled chicken.

### RABBIT LIVER SPREAD

(Spread on hot toast for a supper savory, or use for luncheon sandwiches, packing with raisin cookies and an orange.)

The heart and liver of rabbits may be used as giblets for broth or little savory entrees, or as a savory spread. They can be served hot with bacon, in hot tomato cups, or mixed with hot spaghetti.

As a spread for canapés, toast, or sandwiches, parboil the liver for one minute, chop finely, and saute in a small quantity of fat in a lidded pan for about three minutes, shaking the pan occasionally. Drain and season the spread with a little chopped onion with pepper and salt, or chutney, or combine with hard-boiled eggs, and moisten with salad dressing. Lemon juice or Worcestershire sauce may be used as a seasoning.

## Winter health for your baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB

(CERTAIN variations and modifications of diet, clothing, exercise, and so on have to be made at the change of the seasons.

Adults in good health can make these adjustments very easily, but for extreme youth and old age they are not so easy.

There is a danger of little babies and small children becoming chilled more easily because heat is lost from small bodies much more quickly, and with this loss of body-heat there is lowered resistance. Therefore, there is danger of infants and children succumbing to various seasonal ailments unless proper adjustments are made.

With shorter and colder days there is also the danger of children not getting sufficient outdoor exercise and fresh air.

A leaflet suggesting some of these adjustments has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open at the Sydney offices of The Australian Women's Weekly for interviews and practical demonstrations on Tuesday and Friday each week.

countries, of which Australia is one of the most important.

Therefore, so that the people of Britain may have "Freedom from Want," we in Australia must cheerfully accept the small food sacrifices we are asked to make, avoid waste and do all we can to increase food production.





F3403



F3403.—Featuring the new, fashionable low-waisted style. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

# Fashion PATTERNS

F3401



PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page.



F3402

F3402.—Definitely cut two-piecer. Note the cutaway front, snappy pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3401.—Another new, smartly designed frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. and 1yd. contrast, 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2366.—Business girl's suit. Bound to be popular. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2367.—Smart as new point is this striped dress with its white collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F2367



F2366



## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"LOUISE"—Smart 2-piece suit.

This is a beautifully designed two-piecer. It is fashioned from a checked staple pure fabric resembling a lightweight woolen. Shades available: Steel-blue with burgundy stripe, light grey with deep red, soft grey-green with black-red stripe, honey-gold with brick-red stripe. Here are the sizes, prices, and coupon rating of this snappy lightweight suit. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34-in. bust, 40/11 (17 cpm.); 36, 38, 40-in. bust, 76/11 (17 cpm.). Plus 1/9d. postage. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34-in. bust, 57/6 (13 cpm.); 36, 38, 40-in. bust, 62/11 (15 cpm.). Plus 1/9d. postage.



### SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue  
THREE COSTUME FRONTS  
(Medium size only)

- No. 1.—Material required, 1yd., 36in. wide, and 5yds. lace.
- No. 2.—Material required, 1yd., 36in. wide, and 3½yds. lace.
- No. 3.—Material required, 1yd., 36in. wide.

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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

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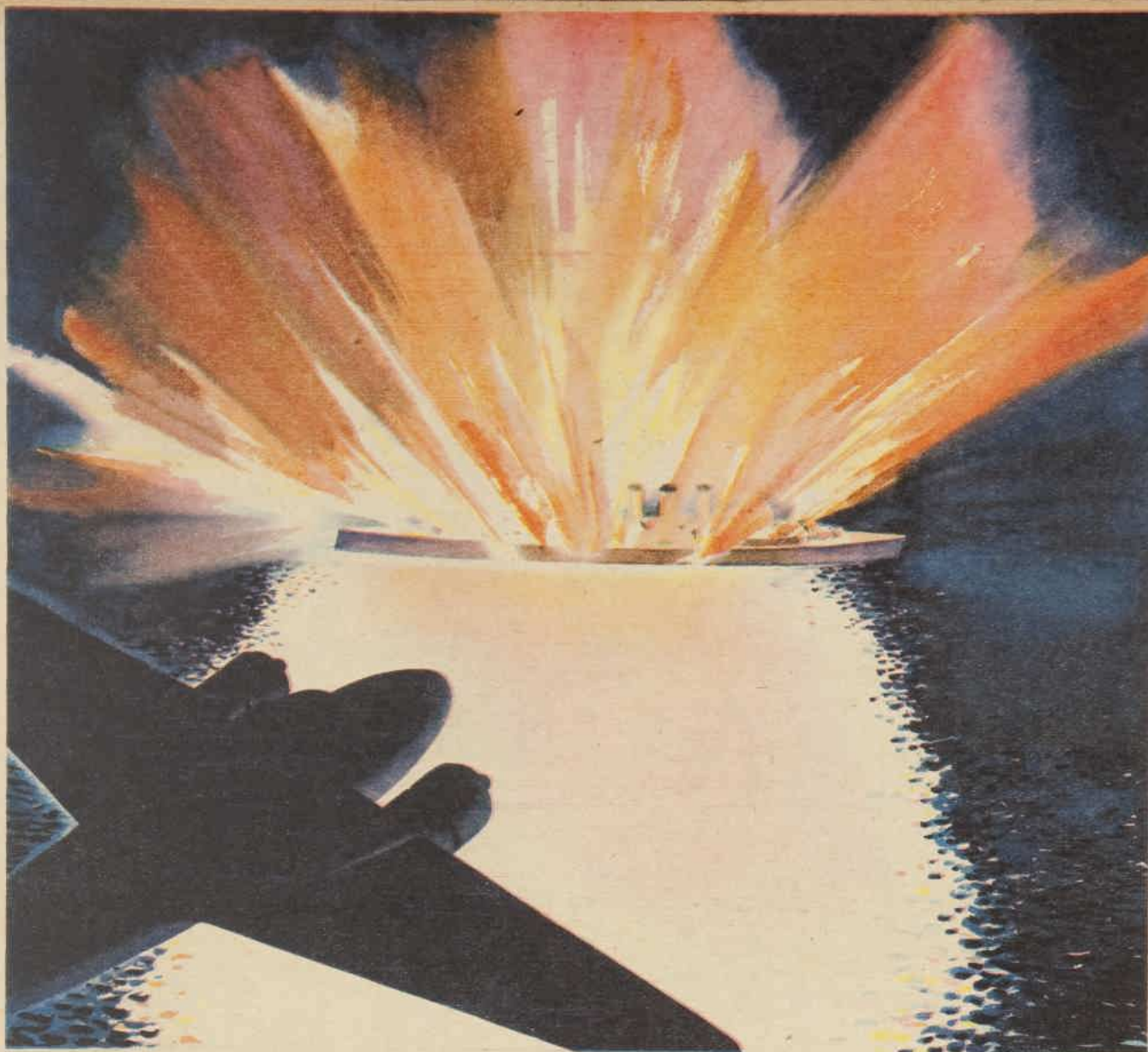
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# The Ghost's Return

Continued from page 7

"YOU'RE making a fool of yourself," Lisa Fedorovna said. Her face was pale and quiet, and her hands were knitted together tightly underneath her apron. "That's my son, Dimitri, and the other one is my son, Sergey Ivanitch," she said. "They're both ruined through this cursed war. I don't want to see also my barn blown to bits and my house on fire, maybe you are a man without property, Vladimir Ilyitch. Probably you cannot understand what I mean."

"You won't have much property left when the Fascists take over," Ilyitch muttered. He had his cigarette between his lips while he spoke, and it danced up and down with his words like a firefly in the growing darkness.

"Fashoi!" he said. "Come down, little brother, and make it snappy." Two of the men pulled the boy down, and Ilyitch hauled a flashlight from his pocket and directed the beam into his face. The boy squinted into the light and twisted his face as if in pain, and suddenly he started screaming. Ilyitch looked at the woman and the woman said, "He is simple, as they say."

"What about the other fellow?" one of the men asked. "He seems to be asleep."

"Get him down, stupid," Ilyitch said angrily.

Gerbert's feet sagged when they put him down. His limbs were numb with terror, and he felt sweat creeping all over his body like ants. He measured the distance to the door, but there were two men in front of it sitting on the floor and smoking, and they would get him anyway with their rifle fire. A corner of his mind had room enough for the question of whether they would give him a cigarette.

retire before they shot him, and his mind went back to the way he had treated enemies in the position he was now in. A new wave of sickness swept over him. He heard the woman's voice as if it came from far off.

"That's how he is," she said. "He's deaf and dumb now. He was the best tractor man in the kolkhoz. When the commissary from Pinsk came, two years ago, he said to him, 'All right, Comrade Sergey Ivanitch. The district soviets are proud to have a man like you,' he said. 'I will take care that your picture is published in Izvestia.' These are his words, exactly as he spoke them, and he had a picture taken of him, riding high up on the tractor like a general on his horse, and they sent it on to Moscow. It was a very beautiful picture. That's how he is now, Vladimir Ilyitch."

Ilyitch looked at the ashen face in the circle of his flashlight. "He was injured on the front, I suppose," he said.

"He was," the woman said. "The shell hit where he stood. The shell dug up the earth, more earth than seven men could dig up if they worked three days. When they dug him out he was like that. 'Blessed Virgin of Kazan, have pity on him.'"

"We gladly offer our lives on the altar of the Soviet fatherland," Ilyitch said. He said it mechanically, as if putting a rubber stamp at the end of a letter. His eyes were still on Gerbert's face, and he said in a casual tone, "There was a fellow over in Pinsk, a German corporal from the military police. He hanged two boys and a girl a few months ago. Looked a little like this one here, the fellow did. You certainly have a picture of your son, Lisa Fedorovna, haven't you? Maybe the one where he is riding high on a tractor, or what?"

"I have a better one," the woman said. She went over to the corner and took the photo from the wall. Ilyitch's eyes quickly ran from the photo to the face before him, and he burst into throaty laughter. "One of the heroes of our gallant Red Army," he said, and lifted two fingers to his fur cap in a kind of jeering salute. "Very much alike, Lisa Fedorovna. Very neat, comrade. May I congratulate you on your Red hero?"

The men stirred uneasily. The old man with the grey stubble beard

cleared his throat and said, "Maybe we better finish him off, Ilyitch. To be on the safe side. It's had to have a fellow like that hanging round."

"No, Emelian," Ilyitch said. He suddenly looked tired and worn out, just a stocky little mushy in patchwork pants and mud-splashed boots. "We have no proof. He might be a Red soldier, for all we know. You can't kill a man like that." He went toward the door. The boy, from his dark corner, said in a clear, light, almost singing voice, "It's Sergey Ivanitch. He has come back."

"Good night, Lisa Fedorovna," Ilyitch said. Some of the men were already outside; they could be heard breaking loose the iron bands of their heavy sieges that had frozen to the ground. Ilyitch was the last to go. He turned back from the door and asked, "There's nothing you want to tell me, Lisa Fedorovna?"

"Nothing," the woman said. When the door fell shut, she went over to the corner and put the picture with the cheap golden frame back in its place like a priest who restores the bread to its receptacle.

The soldier still stood in the middle of the room, his knees sagging and his arms hanging down. In the morning the soldier dressed himself in his warmest clothes. The woman followed him with her eyes as he was walking about the room with a taut, sealed-up face, readying his little belongings like a wayfarer who has stayed for a night and who is anxious not to lose any more time. The boy's voice came from the stove. "Sergey Ivanitch is going out for wood," he said. "I want to go with him."

THE woman did not answer. She stood at the window, thinking. When the soldier went to the door, she turned round. "You are going away," she said. "Yes," the soldier said.

"Probably you are going back to your regiment," the woman said, and there was a faint threat in her voice. "The winter is over."

"No," the soldier said after a moment's silence. "I can't go back to my regiment. They would shoot me as a deserter. I might as well stay here until the irregulars get me."

"Where else can you go?" the woman asked.

"I have a plan," the soldier said. "I'll go east until I reach the front. I'll avoid the German patrols, and I'll try to slip through the lines. They're pretty thin in places and it's not impossible to get through. When I am on the other side, I'll surrender to the first Russian platoon I run into." He paused a little, and then he said slowly, "It's my only chance to get out alive. I'm tired of being hunted like a rabbit that is running for its skin. There are many men who have died in this war, and there are many who will die. But there also are some who will live, when the last shot has been fired and the fools have killed one another. I shall live, Lisa Fedorovna."

"Maybe," the woman said. She did not look at him and her voice was flat and dry. "Good-bye and good luck," she said.

"Good-bye," the soldier said. He stood for a moment, awkward and silly, as if he were waiting for another word, and then he went out.

He had almost reached the edge of the forest when he heard steps behind him. It was the boy, leaping and running, the sledge behind him bouncing up and down on the rugged ground. When he saw the soldier he yelled something and waved his arms.

"You have forgotten the sledge," the boy said, panting heavily. "You know you mustn't go out for wood without me."

"I can't use you to-day," the soldier said. "Go back home and don't bother me, little brother."

"I go where I want," the boy said stubbornly. The soldier did not answer and walked on, and the boy went by his side, dragging the sledge behind him. The sun came up. Walking became hard and tiresome. Once the boy fell, but he got up again, and kept going.

Toward noon the sky grew grey and a cold wind arose. With the wind came a thin spray of rain and sleet, stinging the faces like a wire brush and freezing hair and fur into a stiff sheet.

Suddenly the boy stopped. "I am hungry," he said, whining. "I want to eat, I am hungry." "Eat your boots," the soldier said, and quickened his step. The boy ran after him, screaming and spitting abuse. He could not keep up with

his pace, but he hung on. The soldier avoided the country road. He made his way through the underbrush and patches of woodland, and his eyes unceasingly searched the terrain ahead. The boy kept behind him, falling back from time to time and catching up again when the soldier slowed down to examine a stretch that looked like swamp ground. The sun broke through the grey sheet and almost touched the tree-tops of the forest when they saw the straight ridge that marked the highway to Bobruisk. The soldier stopped and waited for the boy to catch up.

"All right, little brother," he said. "You have come a long way with me and you are tired, and now it's time to rest." He spoke calmly and almost jokingly, but there was a peculiar glint in his eyes, and his hand was hidden in his coat. "I'd like to take you with me," he said. "But you'll squeal, little brother. I know you'll squeal. You'll tell your old story of your brother Sergey Ivanitch who came back from the dead and lived with you for four months, and the men said he was a German soldier. It's quite a nice story, and you'll have a lot of fun telling it. But I just don't like it any more, and I'm sick and tired of being a dead Russian soldier. I have no use for you any longer, and that's all. It's a bad hour you have come to, little brother."

The boy stood in the soft snow, stepping from one foot to the other and wetting his lips with his tongue. His eyes were blank and without understanding. The soldier lifted the automatic, aimed carefully, and pressed the trigger. There was no report. The soldier said an ugly word in German. He pulled back the action of the gun and lifted it once more, and then, over the gun-sight he saw the man standing up on the ridge of the highway.

The man did not move. He might have stood there all the time, or he might have just come up from the other side of the ridge. He wore the long belted coat of a Red soldier, but instead of the cap he had a dirty dressing of gauze round his head and there were dark brown stains on the gauze that looked like mud or blood. His feet were wrapped in burlap rags that went up the legs like puttees and were fastened with pieces of string.

THE soldier's jaw sagged and there was a gurgling sound in his throat. He knew the man up there; he knew him very well. He had seen his picture day after day for four months in the dim light of the candle that was burning quietly in the cup of red glass between the Black Virgin of Kazan and the photos of Stalin and Dzerzhinsky, and he also knew that the man was dead. And then again, it was himself who stood up there on the ridge. It was his image stepped out from a mirror; a featureless shadow who had stolen his face; a second self who had departed from him and looked down on him, silently, dimly, with cold and lifeless eyes.

And then the thing on the ridge began to move and walked slowly toward him. The soldier heard somebody screaming. It was his own voice, strange and horror-stricken. He struggled to break the spell, to move, to turn, to run away. But his feet were frozen to the ground, while the shadow came down, step by step, and then stood before him. For a moment he saw the face over there very big, the pale blue eyes between high cheekbones, the short yellow stubbles of a week-old beard, and the frayed edges of the bandage. Only when the hands closed round his throat he realised in a last flash of consciousness that it was more than a reflection woven of light and air; that it was a man like him, made of flesh and bones and skin, and that the man had come to kill him. But it was too late then.

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